

The Listener

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Summer scene in London: boating on Regent's Park lake

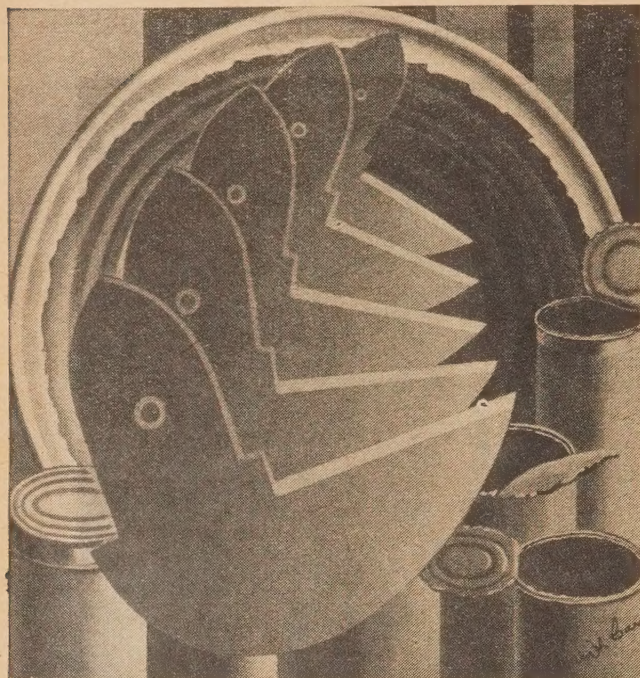
In this number:

The Puzzle of Anglo-German Relations (E. H. Carr)

Are Americans Better Educated than We Are? (Sir Richard Livingstone)

The Venice Biennale (Robert Melville)

CAN-OPENERS



A LIGHT engineering firm in the north of England had difficulty in obtaining the type of steel they required for the manufacture of can-opener blades. An alternative grade of steel was tried which it was hoped would prove suitable if heat-treated, but the results were not satisfactory. The firm consulted I.C.I. General Chemicals Division, who maintain a heat-treatment section at Oldbury as part of their service to the engineering industry. Sample blades sent to Oldbury for examination were first tested for surface hardness and their internal structure was then examined under a microscope. The next step was to heat-treat unhardened blades experimentally in a bath containing molten sodium cyanide. Four different methods of treatment were tried to enable the manufacturers to determine the most suitable. The blades produced by one of these methods proved entirely satisfactory. Demonstrated at the firm's works by an I.C.I. technical service man, this heat-treatment process enabled the manufacturer to continue production and maintain the quality of his products.



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The Listener

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The Race between Eisenhower and Taft

By RICHARD HARKNESS

IN one week now* the lights of the big convention hall in Chicago will go dim, a single spotlight will play on the speakers' platform, and there will appear one of the most colourful, one of the most controversial, figures of our time, General Douglas MacArthur. The General will speak into all of America's radio microphones, he will look into our television cameras, he will address, incidentally, 1,200-plus delegates. This will be the opening, the keynote of the Republican National Convention of 1952. Two weeks from now we shall know—barring a deadlock, of course—whom the Republicans nominate for the next President of the United States: the soldier, Johnny-come-lately to American politics, Dwight Eisenhower; or the perennial Moses, who offers to lead the Republican Party back to the promised land after twenty lean years, Senator Robert Taft.

This has been a week, here in Washington, of the great heat wave of 1952. Our thermometers bubbled up to 101 degrees, one of our city water mains broke, cutting off even the White House spigot. A local tavern owner made the headlines by frying the first egg of the summer on the sizzling sidewalk. However, our heat here hardly matches the intensity of the Republican political race between Eisenhower and Taft. These two men have made the words 'thief' and 'double-crosser' household words. Instead of two highly estimable gentlemen, both men of principle, running for President, the impression over here is that the Republicans are about to nominate either Jack the Ripper or Blue-beard, for the highest office in the land.

This also is the season of the political claim. Listen to Senator Taft in his mid-western nasal twang; he claims that he is going to Chicago only three votes shy of a first ballot nomination. But, equally confident, comes the prediction of Senator Henry Cabot

Lodge, campaign manager for Eisenhower; if it is not Ike on the second ballot, it is Ike on the third—that is Lodge's claim. But the fact is that anyone would be daft to wager as much as an old Dewey campaign speech against a Russian promise, at this stage of the political game, the race is that close. The nomination will not be decided by any of these predictions, it will hinge rather on the seventy-two convention votes which are being contested; those of course, and the 204 delegates who have had the cold practical political sense to remain silent. These are men who make our national conventions at times squalid; steady politicians, that is, who will go to Chicago, offer their votes to the candidate who bids the highest in patronage and 'cuts'.

There is no doubt, however, that Washington has seen this last week a developing belief that the nominee will be Taft. This is more than the talk of Republican political figures who have axes to grind. It is rather the considered opinion of the top fifty Washington political correspondents, newshounds whose business it is to sniff trends. Our objective magazine *Newsweek* polls these fifty Washington correspondents periodically during campaign. The first poll on the Republican nomination was on May 26. These political soothsayers agreed then, three to one, predicting Eisenhower; the score was at the time Ike thirty-five, Taft eleven. *Newsweek* magazine has just completed another poll, the last before the convention. The same reporters, we find, have switched. Their latest score stands Taft twenty-five, Eisenhower twenty-four. Still, as in almost all public opinion polls, there is a crumb of consolation for all. Taft men point out that several of the fifty correspondents represent big city newspapers supporting Ike, papers such as *The New York Times*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *Scripps-Howard* chain. The Eisenhower spokesmen come back: they say, 'Remem-

ber 1948. The same fifty reporters predicted in the same *Newsweek* poll that Governor Dewey would landslide President Truman'.

Any reporter worth his salt these days will give up, then, being a pundit and stick to the facts. We know that it will take 604 votes to nominate a Republican at Chicago. Senator Taft has at this stage delegates, pledged or promised, 490. Eisenhower trails with 405. This is undoubtedly the basis for the new Eisenhower decision—stop playing coy out in Denver, go to Chicago, work on wobbly delegates in person.

A Piece of Political Pie

This week has also brought to the fore one important political development. Ike came home from Paris. Every political adviser began filling his ear with sage advice. The early Eisenhower speeches were rewritten not once but six, seven or even eight times. The result was a piece of political pie, all fancy meringue on top, and, underneath, a filling about as tasteless as a piece of cardboard. This made Eisenhower appear before the American public as a pale carbon copy of Senator Taft. Ike agreed, for instance, that we should have an early spring and a late fall—that for the farmers. He came out for home and mother—this to show his civilian side. Ike even took a firm stand against the man-eating shark—in this case the American labour unions, which vote Democratic anyhow.

This Eisenhower strategy, of trying to walk on political eggs and let us sample none of his omelette, gave this campaign of his an air of unreality. Here he was in the political ring; he was supposed to slug it out with tough professional politicians. But Ike seemed to have a detached air about him; he gave us the impression that he was up there in the clouds running to beat St. Peter. Eisenhower saw, and saw shortly, that he could not 'me too' Bob Taft and win. Ike closed his ears to his advisers, he told his ghost writers to go peddle their *clichés* somewhere else, and Ike began saying what the man Eisenhower really believed.

This new political air blowing off the Rocky Mountains at Ike's headquarters in Denver has been refreshing. A great many Republicans and more independent voters oppose Senator Taft on foreign policy. Ike finally gave them a reason to be for Eisenhower, he spelled out in words of one syllable where he disagrees with Mr. Republican Taft on what we should do abroad. His issue was simple. He said in effect that we cannot dig in here at home; we must have the tin, the rubber, the ore, from around the world. Like it or not, we can live only as an international. Ike's speech on foreign policy did not send Taft into retreat; he said that he had no real basic difference with Eisenhower. There is nothing they cannot reconcile. But Senator Taft did choose two points where he cannot buy his opponent's line of political goods. The Senator says that Ike would send more American dollars abroad, and Taft adds he would spend more time than Eisenhower lambasting the Democrats on foreign policy.

Senator Taft is a man who backs his words with action. Republicans used their balance of power in the House Appropriations Committee of Congress this week. This trimmed the Foreign Aid Money Bill below what Eisenhower called the danger point. Senator Taft also gave the Democrats a taste of what to expect if he wins the Republican nomination. He recalled Yalta, he reminded the Administration of Potsdam, he pointed out that the Joint Chiefs of Staff would not let MacArthur bomb those Red power-plants on the Yalu river. And Taft named names, whereas Eisenhower has stayed clear of personalities. Senator Taft singled out, for instance, President Truman, Secretary of State Acheson, General George Marshall, and, for good measure, to make the State Department wince, Alger Hiss.

This points up the serious business at Chicago of riding the Republican campaign platform. This is one of the neatest tricks that politicians have. They promise more Federal Aid for everyone, at the same time reduce taxes—anything to attract votes. A political platform reminds me of that great statesmanlike utterance attributed to our late President Calvin Coolidge: 'The way to solve

unemployment is to have more jobs'. This means that a party platform is like a circus tent; it is big enough to cover anybody and everybody. And normally a candidate who wins the party nomination piously accepts this platform down to its last weasel word, and then he goes out and campaigns just as he pleases.

This year, when it comes to hammering out the platform plank on foreign policy, the Republicans will have no such easy time. They have selected to make the first try at this job a most extraordinary gentleman, John Foster Dulles. Now Dulles is a man who is at his best walking on a tightrope; he was the Republican adviser in the State Department, yet while he was playing footsie with Dean Acheson he could go to Capitol Hill and sit down and talk to Senator Taft. Dulles is responsible in large part for our current foreign policy in the Far East. He was the architect of the Japanese Peace Treaty, he put together our string of mutual security agreements in the Pacific, Japan, the Philippines, Australia, and all the rest. The understanding is here in Washington that the British Foreign Office recalls these accomplishments of Mr. Dulles with a somewhat brown taste. But that is something else again. The point now is that Dulles is trying to write a Republican foreign policy plank which pleases Ike, satisfies Senator Taft and yet is not too far off the Administration beam.

Mr. Dulles has put some words on paper already, and has outlined the main four points on which he hopes that both sides can agree. Dulles begins by calling our present military spending this year, some \$56,000,000,000, excessive. He suggests that America should concentrate on a national defence programme within a balanced Federal Budget. This means next, as Mr. Dulles sees it—and Senator Taft too—that the United States must concentrate on two types of military striking power: a big navy, which we do have, and a hard-hitting air force, which we do not have.

Mr. Dulles' next point takes up both western Europe and Asia. The early apology has been, even with a hot war in Korea, to make Europe safe first. Dulles wants the Republicans to emphasise that that is an illusion, for the fact is, as the Republicans view it, we cannot help Europe become impregnable without regard to the Far East. This is a sop to our bloc of vocal 'China First'-ers. But while the Republicans applaud the Administration's bombing along the Yalu, Mr. Dulles is showing here admirable restraint: nothing in the platform so far about sending more arms to Chiang Kai-shek. We shall see next week if he gets away with that.

Should Washington Reduce Foreign Aid?

Dulles deals last, in this platform plank draft of his, with a point very close to every regular Republican heart. That is foreign aid, for Mr. Dulles believes, and he says, that Washington should reduce foreign aid. We should see that our contributions, he goes on, emphasise quality rather than quantity when it comes to military support. One wonders exactly what Dulles means by quality rather than quantity. Is it the type of military goods that we have been sending across the Atlantic? Does he mean, for instance, the kind of economic operations we have been financing? A rather obvious suspicion is that Mr. Dulles has coined a *cliché*, one which sounds meaningful rolling off a politician's tongue, yet which gives the party plenty of room when it comes to performance.

Mr. Dulles has been conferring privately with both Taft and Eisenhower, his feeling is that both candidates will go along with this foreign policy plank. The one thing Ike fears is leaving Republican delegates to understand that he is a world government man; and when you sneak up behind Taft and whisper 'Isolationist', the Senator lets out a cry of anguish you can hear a country mile!

That is the situation one week in advance of the Republican convention. One wishes that we could compress all the energy to be expended by both sides in Chicago in the next two weeks, take all the handshaking, the backslapping, then add the political hot air—we could warm the whole nation all next winter. But let us not forget that here is a fundamental process of our American democracy.—*Home Service*



Soviet Russia's Northern Sea Route

By TERENCE ARMSTRONG

PERHAPS I should start by explaining just what the northern sea route is. Most of us remember from schooldays something about the north-west passage; it brings to mind the attempts made by Elizabethan seamen to find a new route to the riches of the east by sailing round the north of North America. We may also remember that at the same period attempts were made to reach the same destination by sailing in the opposite direction, along the north coast of Europe and Asia. This was the north-east passage, or, as it has come to be known, the northern sea route. It leads from the North Atlantic to Bering Strait, the strip of water separating Asia and America, and thence to the Pacific. The sea for almost the whole of this distance—some 3,000 sea miles—is completely frozen over and impassable for about nine months of the year. In the remaining three the ice breaks up, but by no means completely disappears; and very frequent fogs add to the hazards of navigation. More inhospitable waters can scarcely be imagined. 'The ice', wrote an early explorer of the area, 'came so fast upon us that it made our hairs start upright upon our heads, it was so fearful to behold'.

The sixteenth-century attempts to find a north-east passage were made by Englishmen and Dutchmen and they were entirely unsuccessful in attaining that object. The ice always defeated them. As a result, for nearly three centuries thereafter little interest was taken in the idea by western Europeans. The Russians, however, were periodically active. At the time the English and Dutch were failing it is likely the Russians were making much more successful voyages; but the adventurous fur traders who did this were not the sort to write down their experiences, so evidence is scarce. Later, in the seventeen-thirties, the Russians organised a very large expedition which explored almost the whole of the north Siberian coast; but no practical use was made of the knowledge gained. This did not happen until the end of the nineteenth century, when foreigners again became interested. A trade route was established across the Kara Sea, the most westerly part of the route, to the mouths of the great northward-flowing rivers of western Siberia. By the time of the Russian revolution, the foundations of a promising enterprise had been laid.

The Soviet Government built rapidly and very extensively on these foundations. In 1932 it created a special department, the Chief Administration of the Northern Sea Route, with the task of making the route into a usable waterway. This department was allowed to spend very large sums of money and to enlist support—particularly scientific—from many other Soviet organisations. From bases at Murmansk, Archangel, and Vladivostok, voyages along the whole length of the

route and to and from the Siberian rivers were planned and executed each summer. Icebreakers, of which Russia had acquired a number during the first world war, were employed to convoy freighters through the difficult stretches. Later, the Soviet Union built its own icebreakers, at the time of their construction the most powerful in the world.

In 1936 over a hundred vessels sailed in north Siberian waters, and fourteen of them completed through voyages. In later years these numbers were exceeded. In 1940 a German merchant cruiser, the *Komet*, given icebreaker assistance wherever necessary by the Russians, made the through voyage from Atlantic to Pacific in the record time of twenty-two days. Later in the war Liberty ships, carrying 9,000 tons of freight, made frequent voyages from Pacific ports of North America to points on the north Siberian coast. Since the war almost no information on the workings of the route has been permitted to leave the Soviet Union. From such news items as have appeared it is possible to deduce only that activities continue. In December last the Soviet Union returned to the United States, after numberless requests, two modern icebreakers lent them during the war. This must mean that new Soviet-built icebreakers have come into service. These examples of the route's successes show only one side of the picture. There have also been failures and misfortunes of all sorts: but that was the price that had to be paid for the high speed of development, and it was accepted as such.

Enormous effort is required to make the northern sea route usable for shipping, and even then the navigation period is only three or four months in the summer. What is its importance today? Let us look at the economic side first. According to Soviet theory, the route is mainly useful because it renders accessible vast areas of northern Siberia. Roads, and the Trans-Siberian railway, cross Asiatic Russia not far from the Chinese border. They have opened up a wide strip of territory, but there remain at least 1,000,000 square miles in the north which are beyond their economic reach. The cost of transporting goods from Moscow to north-eastern Siberia by train, lorry, river boat, and reindeer sledge is very great: and it was usual, at least in the nineteen-thirties, for such a journey to take ten months. In addition, very heavy or bulky things obviously cannot be carried at all by a reindeer sledge. So if the northern sea route can be made to work, even for a comparatively short period in the summer, exploitation of the resources of northern Siberia becomes possible, or at least very much easier. The rivers help such exploitation: for they are enormous—three of them are among the nine longest rivers in the world—and they flow north-

wards, forming natural lines of communication in a trackless expanse of forest and tundra. The sea route links them with each other and with the outside world.

Such was the theory. The practice has worked out quite like it, although the rate of development has been a good deal slower than the optimistic estimates of the five-year plans. The western portion of the route, across the Kara Sea, has made accessible the huge timber resources of north-western Siberia. In the nineteen-thirties the timber exports from this region accounted for between half and three-quarters of the total turnover of the northern sea route. Timber was brought down several other rivers also, but on nothing like the same scale. Besides timber, the other resources that we know have been exploited largely thanks to the sea route are various minerals: coal, nickel, salt, tin. The coal is practically all used by ships and undertakings directly concerned with keeping the sea route working, so it cannot be counted an asset to the country as a whole. The other minerals probably do not amount to a great deal in terms of freight carried, but the tin and nickel are both important to the country's economy, particularly the tin.

Relieving Traffic on the Trans-Siberian Railway?

Apart from the usefulness of the route in making northern resources accessible, another result was hoped for. The route runs from one end of the Soviet Union to the other. Why should it not therefore relieve the traffic on the always over-burdened Trans-Siberian railway? Why should it not also, in conjunction with the river system, be used as a freight route to the interior of the country? Here practice has proved rather different from theory. It is probably slightly cheaper to send goods from Leningrad to Vladivostok via the northern sea route than by rail. But they undoubtedly take much longer to get there by sea, and the small difference in cost is not likely to offset the delay. The route up the rivers to the interior of Siberia has not been much of a success either; in practice only certain rivers in the north-east are so used, and then only as routes to remote inland regions in that vicinity.

The economy of the Soviet Union, then, has not derived very spectacular benefit from the functioning of the northern sea route—at least up to about 1945, which is the latest date for which information is available. But one must remember that the route had been working only a dozen years or so, and there were many things that had to be done first—construction of ports, ice and weather reporting stations, navigational aids, and so on; until these things were done, impressive results from the long-term objectives of the project could hardly be expected.

What of the strategic potentialities of the route? One cannot expect to learn much about this from Soviet sources of information, but one can make a few deductions. The most obvious point to be made is that ships using the northern sea route may pass between European and far eastern Russia without crossing foreign and potentially hostile waters—indeed, almost without losing sight of the Russian coast: a sharp contrast to the alternative sea route through the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean and the Pacific. Historically, this aspect first came to the fore during the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-1905, when the Tsarist Government realised that such a route would have been exceedingly useful. There are also other strategic uses. Access by sea to points on the north coast of Siberia implies several possible advantages: minerals of strategic importance may be reached and mined; thanks to the river system, there is an alternative route to the interior of the country if other ports are blockaded; military and air bases, strong-points and rocket-launching sites can be built and maintained.

What use has, in fact, been made of these strategic possibilities is largely a matter of guesswork. In the recent war it is very likely that naval vessels reinforcing the Soviet eastern fleet reached the Pacific by way of the northern sea route. No doubt also freighters were transferred as necessary between Murmansk and Vladivostok. But the Soviet Union was involved in a war in the Pacific only for six days in 1945, so the strategic value of the through route was never really put to the test. It is highly probable also that mining at points near the sea route had strategic significance. On the other hand, two of the possibilities I have just mentioned were almost certainly never used: the rivers seem not to have been used as alternative routes to the interior, for the lend-lease goods sent to north Siberian ports from America were almost all maintenance stores for local arctic undertakings; and bases in the far north of Siberia were not necessary in a war against Germany.

In a hypothetical conflict with America, however, the ability to put up bases in the far north might obviously become important. The through route also might be a factor to be seriously considered, but it

does have two limitations: its short season means that a striking force could not be rushed through to meet a sudden need unless the need happened to arise between the end of July and the beginning of October; and while America holds the Alaskan shore of Bering Strait, there can be no question of Soviet shipping being able to pass through the strait unperceived. However, if a war can be decided by the unexpected convoy getting to the right place at the right time, then the through route might play a vital part.

There remains another sphere in which the northern sea route has considerable importance: science. An extremely useful product of the intensive activity of nearly twenty years is the vast increase in scientific knowledge of the area, particularly in meteorology, oceanography, and the study of ice behaviour. This knowledge is also important out of its local context.

The northern sea route, then, has proved useful to the Soviet Union in various ways. Let us consider the motives which led the Soviet Government to become interested in the idea. Clearly, the large capital outlay can be justified only by economic or strategic motives. According to the official Soviet line the motive is economic. Stalin is quoted as saying: 'The Arctic and our northern regions have colossal wealth. We must create a Soviet organisation which can in the shortest period include this wealth in the general resources of our socialist structure'. But if the motive is really economic, one may object, why has the project been kept going when the results, at least up to the war, have been so meagre? The answer is that in the Soviet Union, where everything is run by the state, one branch of the economy can be permitted to incur a loss for a period if its long-term prospects are good; and it can fairly be said that the northern sea route has them.

The Strategic Motive

One may accept the economic motive, then, as having played a leading part. A strategic motive cannot be easily discerned before 1938; then, when the shadow of war fell across Europe, there was naturally much talk of the strategic value of the route—mainly of the through route, for Japan was regarded as a likely enemy. So, on the evidence available, it seems unlikely that strategy was an important motive in the early stages. It may have become so now; and the secrecy which has surrounded activities on the route since the end of the war seems to bear this out. Some maintain that the propaganda value of the route provided an important motive. The sort of propaganda meant is exemplified by this message from Stalin to a successful expedition on its return: 'There are no fortresses which Bolshevik daring and organisation are not able to storm'. But though this publicity was a useful by-product, it cannot have been a factor inducing the Government to launch so expensive a scheme; there would have been much cheaper ways of securing good adventure stories with a communist moral.

Which of the two motives—economic or strategic—is the more compelling at the present time we have no means of telling. I am sure that in any case the effort to increase the efficiency of the route will continue, since there are reasonable grounds for belief that the route will soon be able to justify its existence economically, apart from any strategic justification. The route has reached a stage of development at which a considerable increase in efficiency should be entirely possible. The fundamental problems have been mastered. Soviet research and technology are likely to be able to provide more accurate forecasts of ice conditions, higher-powered icebreakers, better co-ordinated shipping plans. This will mean a lengthening of the shipping season, and a disproportionately large increase in the route's importance. We have by no means heard the last of the northern sea route.—*Third Programme*

First published in 1914 *The Yearbook of the Universities of the Commonwealth* has become a standard and indispensable work of reference. The 1952 edition is the largest ever published, containing, besides the usual matter, some of which has been expanded, four new appendices to cover United Kingdom degree abbreviations, Commonwealth studies in the United Kingdom, international university organisations, and a select bibliography of books on university topics. The *Yearbook* is published by Bell and costs 42s. Methuen's 'Little Guides', which fit so comfortably into the pocket and are a boon to the English traveller, are in process of re-issue under the general editorship of Edmund Vale; *The English Lakes*, by F. G. Brabant, revised by B. L. Thompson, and *Surrey*, by J. Charles Cox, revised by E. F. Peeler, are now obtainable at 9s. 6d. each. They carry, as usual, a folding map and sixty excellent half-tone illustrations. *Justice at Work* (Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d.) by James Avery Joyce is a popular account of the way the law operates in this country. It includes a wide range of information on our legal system and the problems it presents.

How Can We Pay for Our Food?

By CYRIL OSBORNE, M.P.

THIS country faces two main food problems: food production at home and food buying abroad. Our task at home is to recapture the war-time spirit of urgency and to grow at home sixty-five per cent. instead of the present fifty-five per cent. of our food requirements. But anyway our farmers are doing a fine job and half our rations are assured. What should worry us is the forty-five per cent. we buy abroad. The ugly fact is, there is less food for sale in the world. Rice can be cited as a typical example. Before the war 5,500,000 tons were exported from the great rice bowl of Burma, Siam and Indo-China. In 1945 exports had dropped to about 1,000,000 tons. By 1950 they were still below 3,000,000 tons.

'The Most Privileged People on Earth'

World population is growing by 25,000,000 every year. Soon there may be more people on the earth than the earth can feed. We in Britain are the most privileged people on earth, except for America and a few smaller countries. Two-thirds of the human race live at a standard of about one-eighth of ours. For example, Ceylon is having the greatest difficulty in maintaining the present starvation ration of five and three-quarter ounces of rice per day. If the black, the brown, and the yellow peoples of the earth are to eat better, we must eat less, unless there is an immense increase in world food production, and at the best such an increase cannot be expected quickly.

There is less food available for sale, but that is only half our problem. The other half is how to pay for what we could buy. Last year we only earned half the food we imported. Since roughly half our food comes from abroad, it follows that a quarter of our rations last year, were purchased from savings. These national savings are almost all gone, and we face the possibility of real hunger. Compared with when I was a boy forty years ago, the country's food imports are costing in exports eighteen times as much in money, and about six times as much in goods. Our standard of life, especially in terms of food, must come down drastically unless we make an immense effort to save ourselves. The question therefore that we have to face is: What can we send in exchange for our overseas food supplies? Lately the South African Minister of Transport cancelled a number of orders in Britain because we had taken so long to deliver the goods. We had promised electric units early in 1951 and electric motor coaches in 1950, none of which has yet arrived. Locomotive boilers, due in early 1950, have not yet been delivered. We must do better than this, if we are to get our food.

Take bread, to begin with. The bulk of our wheat and flour comes from Canada. Canada has been supplying wheat to us at less than world prices. Her farmers naturally want higher prices. We must have Canadian wheat, because it is harder and drier than ours and therefore makes better bread. Earlier this year Canada had many millions of foodstuffs she could not sell, and we had not the money to buy them. What do we send to Canada in exchange? Machinery and capital goods. But these are the very things we need ourselves. The question is, therefore, are we to go without them, or are we to go without Canadian wheat? We could have the best of both worlds if we could only increase our production.

May I give you an up-to-date example? We are just beginning to produce heavy crawler tractors. The first delivery will be shipped soon to Australia. All the food-growing countries of the world want them. Previously they had been made only in America. They will not only substantially increase food production, they will also relieve the sterling countries of the dollar drain. It would be a godsend if we could produce them in large quantities and beat the Americans, both in price and in quality. We also send manufactured goods to Canada, but the world demand for consumer goods is almost dead. Everybody wants capital goods, such as machinery.

Now consider meat. About half our meat is produced at home. A large part of the other half formerly came from the Argentine. Last year we received only a fifth of our pre-war supplies from the Argentine. The Argentine people are producing less meat, they are eating a great deal more themselves, and therefore they have less to sell

abroad. Even for the quantities that are for sale we are in a weak position as a buyer. Last year's meat negotiations at Buenos Aires highlight another side of our problem. The British Government sent over a Minister who was in the Argentine for weeks and weeks negotiating a new meat agreement. The Argentine asked for 1s. a pound. This compared with 4d. a pound pre-war. Negotiations took a long time, not only because of the higher price the Argentine was demanding, but because they had a lot less meat available, and we were unable to send to them what they demanded. They wanted coal, steel, petroleum, and tinplate. They wanted these things quickly. Unfortunately we could not deliver them, either in the quantities or at the prices they were prepared to pay. They naturally reminded our negotiators that although their meat price was three times pre-war, our coal price to them was five times pre-war, and our freight charges were over seven times pre-war. If we ask higher prices for our coal and steel the Argentine people naturally demand higher prices for their meat.

Obviously the price we pay for our foodstuffs overseas is largely decided by the price we ask for our exports. The remedy, therefore, is in our own hands. A short time ago the Canadians were selling beef at £400 a ton—over 3s. 6d. a pound wholesale. Our latest price to the Argentine is roughly £128 a ton. How can we expect them to sell to us at £128 a ton when they know that £400 is being paid elsewhere?

Consider the meat position from another angle. New Zealand was our best supplier last year. She has been selling to us at thirty per cent. below world prices. And what have we to offer in exchange? I suppose nowhere else in the world is the trade mark 'Made in Britain' of greater value than in New Zealand. Yet other nations are ready to offer the consumer goods, and, indeed, the capital goods that New Zealand requires. She is still a big buyer for agricultural tractors, for steel, for wire, and for fencing of all sorts, as well as for the heavy capital goods for which the whole world seems to be starved. If there is only a small margin between our prices and those of our competitors, the New Zealand people will continue to support us, but it is unreasonable to expect them to buy British goods at any price and of any quality.

Next, to deal with butter. I sometimes fear that bread and butter will be a luxury we shall enjoy in future only on Sundays. Before the war we consumed nearly 500,000 tons of butter. This year we are expected to get little more than half that amount, and in the meantime our population has increased by 3,000,000. It takes two and a half gallons of good milk to make a pound of butter, and I doubt whether it can be made nowadays for less than 6s. or 7s. a pound. Last year Australia lost about 7½d. on every pound of butter it sold to us. Obviously butter must cost us more in the future. Denmark has always been a great source of supply for butter as well as for bacon. Denmark wants coal and steel. She requires steel plates for her shipbuilding yards. She has long felt dissatisfied that we charge her 30s. a ton above the domestic price for our coal. It is a sore point and it rankles. Half our post-war problems would have been solved long ago if we could have exported 30,000,000 tons of coal a year at a reasonable price.

German Bids for Danish Butter

Germany is getting on her feet and may soon be able to supply the things Denmark wants. The swollen population of west Germany will require more food. The Danish supplies are near at hand. So Germany will be bidding for Danish butter and she will be offering similar exports to ours, and the same old story will be repeated. The Germans are a hardworking, intelligent race. They cannot be kept down by law, and soon we may have cause to dread their economic competition, but compete we must! To West Africa we send textiles in exchange for oils and fats and cocoa beans. Recently the Japanese entered the West African market and an example was quoted in parliament where an identical cloth was offered by the Japanese at 1s. 9d. a yard for which we had been charging 6s. 4d. Of course the West Africans buy the Japanese product. It means getting nearly five times as much for their cocoa beans, oils and fats.

(continued on page 25)

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent

Democratic Education

IT is not easy for British and American citizens to understand each others' systems of education. Sir Richard Livingstone draws attention to some of the differences in a talk which we publish on another page today. For example, how can Americans be expected to know that our public schools are private schools, or how can we realise that many of the students in American universities are getting the same kind of education that our children often obtain in the higher forms at secondary schools? Among the institutions classed as universities, where 2,500,000 Americans now acquire education, are some 475 junior colleges which provide two-year courses. However, some of our colleges must be confusing for Americans: visitors to Winchester or Radley, for example, searching for a famous school, would be reprimanded and referred to 'the College'.

Although Sir Richard would apparently be unwilling to admit it, the facts seem to suggest that more Americans obtain a good education, or at least the opportunity of a good education, than we British. In most States the school-leaving age is sixteen, and in some it is even higher. More young people obtain higher education, although it may not always be an education in the liberal arts. Visitors to the United States usually come back with the feeling that the average American woman is better educated than her British sister. Although schools where high fees are payable exist, there is no snob feeling or other feeling militating against sending children to the free schools, as in this country. Indeed, Theodore Roosevelt maintained that 'the free public schools, the chance for every boy or girl to get a good education lie at the foundation of America's whole political structure'.

The real difference between education in the two countries springs from two factors: first, that the United States is a richer country than ours; second, that it has a different historical and political tradition. In this country the notion that Jack is not as good as his master dies hard. At the moment thousands of members of the professional and other middle classes are drawing on their savings to give their sons an expensive education. To the average American parent of the same class the idea of doing so would appear fantastic. How long we shall cling to these sacrifices on the altar of tradition no one can say. But, other things being equal, we are more likely to come round to the American way of thinking than they are to ours.

Eheu Fugaces

ON SATURDAY the last trams will run in the streets of London and we cannot forbear to drop a tear at the passing of these creaky but faithful servants of the public. Future generations may miss the analogy for 'a creature who moves in predestinate grooves', an analogy which might have remained useful as long as theologians and philosophers argued. The tragedy of the tram, like that of the canal, was that it was born too late. Like the canal carrier, it rarely if ever paid its way because from its earliest days it was confronted by effective competition. Still, the fact remains that though the tram might be serviceable on a foggy night, to ride it through the streets of south London was too often like crossing the Bay of Biscay on a windy afternoon. Take it all in all, London should not see its like again.

What They Are Saying

Broadcasts on the second anniversary of the Korean war

THE DOMINANT TOPIC of Soviet and Satellite commentators during the past week has been the second anniversary of the Korean war. In a lengthy survey of the military operations in that country, Moscow radio asserted that two years of American 'intervention' had resulted in nothing but 'immense political and military failure' for the 'ruling classes' of the United States. The speaker went on to say:

The American invasion, marked by the flags of the United Nations, has been shaken by the courage of the North Korean People's Army and of the Chinese People's volunteers, who have come to the help of their Korean brothers in need. Neither a much vaunted military technique, bestialities, nor the implementation of Hitlerite scorched earth tactics have helped the Americans.

Peking radio broadcast an article on the outbreak of the war written by the Chief of Staff of the North Korean Army. After claiming that the Korean and Chinese forces had demonstrated their superiority over the Americans, the article goes on to say:

The reasons for the growth in strength of the Korean People's Army are, first, the superiority of the social system of the Korean Democratic Republic; secondly, their new army; thirdly, the leadership of General Kim Il-sung; fourthly, the justness of our cause; and, finally, the support both material and moral given by the peoples of the fraternal countries headed by the Soviet Union and the Chinese People's Republic.

The anniversary was also widely commented upon by the Cominform countries, the main line of argument being that the Americans had taken on much more than they had expected when they originally started the war.

The bombing of the Yalu river targets, which came close on the heels of this anniversary, met with harsh comments from eastern Europe. Moscow radio referred to 'barbarous raids' which had been carried out by the 'American aerial pirates' on peaceful cities in North Korea which had 'no military objectives whatsoever', and stated that a hospital had been hit. A Berlin radio broadcast announced the news of the raid, and added:

While the United States negotiators hypocritically take part in the truce talks called for by the Soviet Union, they plan new crimes. It is reported that this terror attack was prepared as early as last September. This crime will only serve to strengthen still more the front against the American warmongers.

The east German newspaper *Neues Deutschland* made this comment:

We in Germany know the American bombing tactics too well. During the war, the United States bomber squadrons spared all those installations in western Germany which they hoped would become their own property or that of their future allies after the war. If today they are destroying North Korean hydro-electric power stations, they are merely confirming that they have abandoned all hope of ever gaining possession of Korea.

In Paris, *Le Figaro* wrote:

This blow is intended to be a warning to the Chinese negotiators at Panmunjon and a preventive measure intended to parry any new offensive of the Sino-Koreans. We have reached the turning point in Korea after long months of military stagnation and sterile diplomacy.

While the Radical-Socialist paper *L'Aurore* commented:

The Communists and their negotiators in Korea are entirely to blame for the resumption of hostilities. Let us admire the Americans for having shown so much patience until now.

Another anniversary nearer home, that of the Nazi invasion of the U.S.S.R., has been duly commented upon in eastern Europe. A Moscow radio commentator made the point that:

As history has proved, military adventures promise the imperialists little but catastrophe. The second world war ended in the rout of the Hitlerite claimants to world domination. A similar fate will befall the present-day aggressors if they venture to launch a new world war.

A sharp attack was made by Budapest radio on the Olympic Games committee. The speaker declared that the organisers of the games:

have striven to abolish from the programme everything which in the least hinted at the defence of peace and to promote everything that would make the plans of the fomenters of a new war popular. The Finnish lackeys of the western war instigators plan to turn the Helsinki Games into an occasion on which Finland's incorporation into the western camp would be finally sealed in the minds of the people.

Did You Hear That?

THE CHINESE COFFIN TREE

F. KINGDON-WARD described his search for this rare wood in China and Burma in a recent Home Service talk. 'In Britain we are concerned about the rising cost of living', he said. 'In China they are concerned about the rising cost of dying. To the Chinese, a coffin is part of the household furniture; in fact, it is the most important part of it. Chinese coffins are made of soft woods. There are cheap ones for the poor, and expensive ones for the rich. Expensive coffins are made of scarce or local conifer species, usually aromatic and resistant to decay.

'Many years ago—long before the railway reached Canton—I went there by sea from Hong Kong, up the estuary of the West River. During a conducted tour of the walled city I found myself in a famous mausoleum known as the Temple of the Dead. Here I was shown, by the light of a guttering candle, a wonderful array of very beautiful and expensive, highly-lacquered coffins, many of them piled three deep, and all containing good, and great, and presumably rich (though dead) men awaiting transport to their homes, for a Chinese must be buried on the ancestral farm, so that his descendants may look after him in the spirit world.

'My attention was drawn to one particularly splendid coffin. The lacquer had not yet been put on the lid, and I could see that the workmanship was that of a rare craftsman. Curiosity prompted me to ask what the wood was. "Hsiang-mu shu", they told me, which means no more than "the fragrant wood tree". The name might be applied to any sweet scented wood; and China possesses many. I sniffed cautiously. It reminded me of sandalwood. "How delicious! Where does it come from?" I asked. "From Tien-chu-kwo, beyond the West River and the Land of the Southern Cloud, in the far parts of the Empire". Tien-chu-kwo (literally the Heavenly Country) is Burma: more, much more than a thousand miles distant from Canton.

'Years passed, and I went on more plant hunting expeditions. Then the wheels of fate revolved once more, and I went to North Burma. It was a wild, almost uninhabited country I came to, with endless forests and roaring mountain torrents, and heavy rains. Travelling beside the Ngaw-chaung river on our way to the village of Kang-fang, we met a Lisu tribesman. He was a tall man with an eagle nose and lantern jaw, and was clad in a long rough sleeveless coat, with a blue cloth wrapped round his head turban fashion. He wore cloth gaiters and straw sandals. On his broad back he carried an enormous plank, eight feet long, three feet wide, and two inches thick: it must have weighed eighty to 100 pounds. Seen from the side, with bowed back and the plank projecting

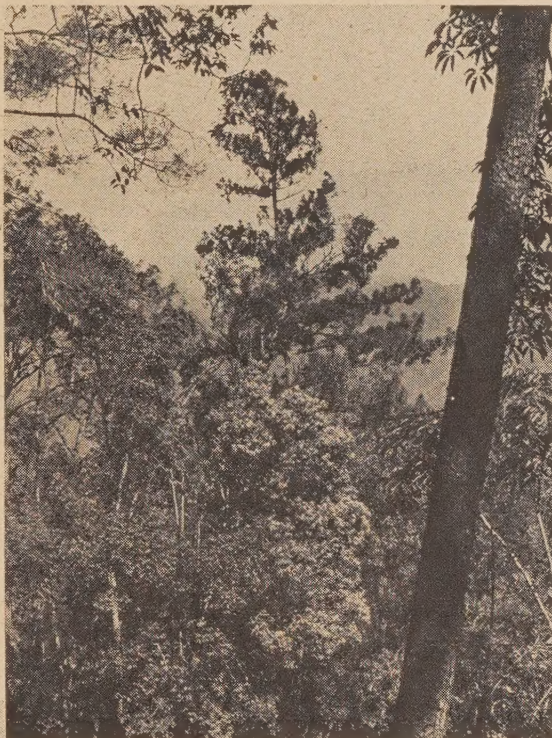
over his head like a roof, he looked like some fearful kind of tortoise shuffling along. I knew from its shape it was a coffin plank.

'The man told me he was carrying it to China, that he came from Kang-fang a few miles further up the valley, where the planks were stored, that he would reach Momein in ten days—a very tough journey over the mountains. So at last I was on the track of the coffin tree. Next day we reached Kang-fang, a Lisu village of half a dozen bamboo huts at the junction of two narrow valleys, and saw several dozen planks drying in the sun; but no coffin trees.

'I still had not seen one, and the Chinese contractors were delightfully vague when I enquired how to reach the place where they grew. It was all very hush-hush. However, a few days later the old Chinese interpreter, Lup-ting, brought me some branches lopped off a tree I did not recognise. Finally Lup-ting told me that a friendly Lisu owned a tree far away in the mountains, and would take me to see it if I would go to his village. It was about three days' journey, and the tree, a fully grown specimen, was within a day's journey of the village. It proved to be a long three days' journey to the village, which was situated at some height above the river. Here the sides of the valley were covered with pine and bracken for several thousand feet; it did not look at all the type of country in which a rare tree would be likely to grow. The next morning we started up the steep side of the mountain, following a rough track.

'At last our guides halted. Over to our right was a wide, deep gully, hitherto invisible. We parted the bushes and looked down a thickly wooded slope, over the heads of smaller trees. But at first I saw nothing out of the common.

Now the men started to hack down some of the smaller trees, and as they fell the view opened up. Suddenly I saw it. About fifty yards down the slope, a stout red-barked tree trunk rose straight and true as a temple pillar. Up and up it went, with never a branch for over a hundred feet, till it pierced the canopy, its crown towering over all its neighbours. It must have been nearly 200 feet high. I scrambled down the slope to it, and felt the stringy bark. We picked up a fallen branch, chopped out a splinter of wood. It had a faint aromatic scent. I was looking at a full-sized coffin tree, the *hsiang-mu shu* of Canton'.



A Chinese coffin tree growing in Burma, 'its crown towering over all its neighbours'. Left: A Lisu with a coffin plank weighing 80 to 100 pounds

F. Kingdon-Ward

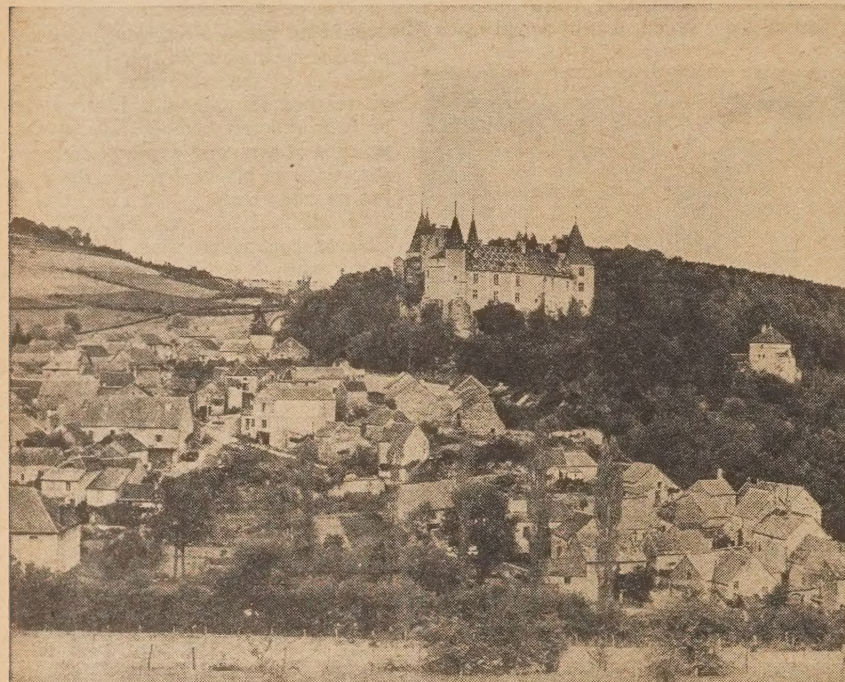


LIVING IN A FRENCH VILLAGE

DIANA LESLIE, in a Home Service talk, described what happened when she and her husband decided to find a village in France, off the beaten track, where the whole family could get to know the local people. 'We made no plans or bookings in advance', she said. 'We just packed into our ancient Ford van, and decided to search, in the mountainous district between Vichy and Lyons, right in the centre of France, for the secluded village of our dreams. Towards evening on our second day we saw a *château* high on a distant hill. We made for it, turning into a rough road that twisted and climbed to a group of about twelve red-tiled houses. And there the road ended. This was the village of our dreams. Tall lime trees shaded the drive to the *château* above us. Cow bells tinkled on the herds grazing in the meadows. And from the valley beneath came the distant murmur of a mountain stream. In front of us was a wood-and-plaster house that boasted the name of hotel, and

inside it, on the rough plank floor, people dressed in their best Sunday clothes, were dancing to the music of an accordion and a violin. We walked straight in and asked for rooms.

Living in this French village was not merely a change of country and of people. It was also like a jump back across the years. The daily life there had not, I imagine, altered in the last century. There was no running water in any of the houses, even for our hotel all the water had to be carried in pitchers from the spring. And to my



'Towards evening . . . we saw a chateau high on a distant hill'

great joy there was no traffic passing through. Apart from our car, the only motor vehicle that ever came to the village was the bus that took people once a week to the market in the nearest town, ten miles away across the hills. And, except for farming, the only occupation of the villagers was knitting gloves.

Our children soon became friendly with everybody, but most of all with the blacksmith, the *maréchal* of the village. You do not often see a blacksmith nowadays, and never one whose principal occupation was shoeing not horses but bullocks. The bullocks pulled carts or ploughs on the neighbouring farms, and were shod with flat iron shoes, covering the outside half of each hoof. The *maréchal* had a wonderful method of securing the bullocks: a contraption like a cross between a hammock and a strait-jacket, which half lifted the animal off the ground. One day we visited a farm where corn was being threshed. This was done by an ancient steam threshing machine with large iron wheels and a tall funnel. It was pulled by a team of six bullocks, and looked very like something that had escaped from an Emmett railway.

By the time we had been a week in the village, we got to know many of the local problems. Should the villagers go to the expense of replacing the wooden spire of the church, which was in danger of falling? Was it worth while piping water to the houses? The popular vote in each case seemed to be "no". Then there was the matter of the village cocks. It seemed that the Count who lived in the *château* above the village complained savagely of being woken hours before dawn by over-zealous roosters. When I was asked to comment on his alleged threat to shoot the roosters, I said that of course there was no nobleman in the London suburb of Cheam where I lived; but if there had been a Duke or Earl of Cheam, who tried to shoot our suburban cats because they howled at night, we, the *Cheamois*, would certainly stand up for our rights.

THE PAINTED LADY, 1952

Dr. C. B. WILLIAMS, talking about the migrations of butterflies, in 'Open Air' on the Home Service, described the way 'Some of these apparently frail insects are able to fly hundreds of miles over land

and sea, without any apparent difficulty, and how they usually arrive on our south coasts in late spring having perhaps started their journey in North Africa. We have in England quite a number of these spring immigrants and we believe that in some species there is a return flight to the south in the autumn. Thus migrations of butterflies closely resemble the migrations of birds, but perhaps the most obvious difference is the great variation from year to year in the number of individuals that make up the insect flights. You must remember that, unlike birds,

butterflies have a short adult life, and a high birth rate (a hundred or more eggs is nothing unusual). The high birth rate is balanced by a high death rate. As a result of this a species of migrant butterfly may turn up in the British Isles in thousands or tens of thousands—while again for a year or two it may be very rare.

The Painted Lady was so common in western Europe in 1879 that some of the flights were said to have cast shadows on the ground, and thousands were washed ashore and found dead at high water on parts of our south coast early in June. It was again very abundant in 1903 and 1926. In the first of these years there was a second late immigration in September, when thousands appeared suddenly in Kent and Essex. This butterfly, which is one of the greatest migrants in the world, normally comes to us from Africa at the end of May or early June. In the past 100 years or so there may have been only a few stragglers earlier in the year.

In 1952, however, first about a dozen Painted Ladies were seen along the south coast in February (mostly in the last week), and then over 1,000 were recorded in March, some even as far north as Scotland. Nothing like it has ever happened before in our experience. Moreover the immigrant Painted Ladies were accompanied by several other migratory butterflies and moths, some very rare at all times. All these were at least three months ahead of their normal time. Reports from Morocco state that the butterflies were seen migrating in very large numbers early in March in the Atlas Mountains, and they must have laid eggs, for millions of caterpillars were later reported along the north coast of Morocco eating thistles, artichokes,

nettles, haricot beans and even vines. We have also a report from Tripoli of "a great cloud" going northward out to sea, about the middle of March.

Enquiries about weather conditions in Northern Africa have brought forward the information that in most of that area there was an unusually wet winter, and as the Painted Lady breeds there in the dry areas on the edges of the great desert, it is possible that the greater rainfall brought about an increase in their food supply. We asked our Meteorological Office about weather conditions in Western Europe at the end of February and the beginning of March—when the main migration undoubtedly occurred—and their reply is that temperatures were distinctly above the average, with less wind than usual. These conditions would undoubtedly help any migration, but of course they do not really explain why the migration started about three months too soon. And further our meteorologists have commented that although temperature and wind differed from normal, there was nothing to account for anything happening for the first time in 100 years.

Just a day or two ago I heard that there has been a great invasion of the Riviera coast of France and the butterflies have laid eggs and the resulting caterpillars are devastating the artichoke fields. With us the Painted Lady feeds chiefly on thistles and is indeed a "thing of beauty" in our country lanes; but in southern France it is looked upon as quite a severe pest.



A Painted Lady butterfly at rest on a thistle head

The Puzzle of Anglo-German Relations

By E. H. CARR

MY theme is the perennial puzzle of Anglo-German relations. I call it a puzzle because it seems to me that we have not tried so hard about our relations with any country as we have with Germany, and that there is no country about which we have proved so consistently wrong. If you look back over British foreign policy for the last eighty years or so, you come across what strikes me as a very odd paradox. In times of peace our relations with Russia have almost always been bad. Russians—at any rate official Russians—have always baffled us: we have not understood them, and what we have understood we have not very much liked or trusted. Yet when it came to a show-down, we and the Russians, for good reasons of our own and somewhat to our mutual surprise, have found ourselves fighting on the same side. The Germans, on the other hand, we have almost universally liked and admired: we have imagined we understood them and that they were people very much like ourselves, more like ourselves than any other continental nation. But, as soon as the threat of war appeared on the horizon, it was the Germans who rattled their swords and went into battle against us.

'Shuttlecock of Violent Emotions'

One result of all this has been to make Anglo-German relations the shuttlecock of violent and opposite emotions. In the early years of this century unstinting admiration for Germany and everything German was common form in this country; even as late as 1911 and 1912 desperate attempts were still being made, with very little encouragement from the other side, to keep up Anglo-German friendship. I remember well this pro-German tradition in which I grew up. Then came 1914, and for five years Germans were Huns, who raped women and tortured children, and if you had a German name or German ancestors you were likely to get your windows broken, and Germany was an orange to be squeezed till the pips squeaked. Then in the nineteen-twenties the Germans were once more solid, hard-working respectable people like ourselves, who had been very badly treated by the volatile and rapacious French, and Stresemann was a great European statesman, and the world was to be rebuilt on the solid foundation of a restored Germany and Anglo-German friendship. Then in the nineteen-thirties the horror began again, and a few years later Germany was once more the butcher-bird among nations, the eternal aggressor and enemy of civilisation, and it was vigorously denied that there were any good Germans. And now, today, only seven years after that, we are once more busy admiring the Germans as solid, hard-working, vigorous people, so different from the quarrelsome, unreliable French and Italians, and counting on them as the bulwark of our interests in Europe: we are back once more, incredible as it may seem to people with even the shortest historical memories, to the mood of 'Come along, boys, let's get together with the Germans and save western civilisation'.

Now I was brought up to admire Germany and things German, I have generally liked Germans, and, except perhaps for a short time in the first world war, I have never at any time fallen a victim to the hysteria of believing that all Germans are wicked or that there is something specifically aggressive in the German national character. But this perhaps entitles me to take a tilt against the opposite—and for the moment more dangerous—hysteria of believing that the Germans have exactly the same political traditions and outlook, and above all the same political interests, as our own. Surely there is something radically wrong and unhealthy in this shuttlecocking of our emotions about Germany between these extremes. Even the abundance of our nicknames for Germans bears witness to this peculiarly intimate, yet ambivalent emotional attitude. Hun, Boche, Fritz, Jerry—we scarcely know whether they are terms of affection or opprobrium, whether they are tokens of love or hate. Is it not clear that we fall into one madness precisely because we are ashamed of ourselves for having so recently fallen into the other? Can we not find some half-way house between the folly of believing that the Germans are criminals and outcasts and the equal and opposite folly of believing that the Germans, considered as political animals, belong to the same species as ourselves?

History seldom repeats itself. We are not in the least obliged to believe that, because we have fought two world wars against Germany, we shall fight a third, or that, because in days of Wilhelm II and of Hitler, the house of Anglo-German friendship proved to be built on sand, we can find no more solid foundations for it in the future. But history does, or should, enable us to dig down into the roots of attitudes and policies that have proved particularly persistent, and by understanding the past to understand better the potentialities of the future, whether for good or for ill. It is not my business in this talk to plunge into current controversies or offer prescriptions for action: the most I can attempt is to make some small contribution to our understanding of the German dilemma, to draw attention to two aspects of German thinking and German policy which seem to me, in the light of history, fundamental and unlikely to change in the near future, and to suggest that we should be ill-advised to leave them out of account in our current calculations.

The first is the desire for German unity. For more than a hundred years this desire has dominated German political thought and action. Long after France, Britain and even Russia had achieved national unity, Germany remained divided and disunited: even today Germans have an uncomfortable feeling that they are not wholly one, that they are still Bavarians or Prussians, or Rhinelanders or Saxons, that they have never cohered as a nation as thoroughly and unreservedly as the other Great Powers. And it is this consciousness of having lagged behind, which has given the drive for unity its compelling force. In the eighteenth-century democracy and nationalism, the two legacies of the French revolution, went hand in hand; and all progressive young Germans were fervent nationalists and democrats. After the fiasco of 1848 democracy and nationalism parted company; and Germans threw democracy overboard and marched with Bismarck for national unity and the German Reich.

It was one of Hitler's boasts, and a not unimportant point in his propaganda, that he would wipe out the divisions between the German lands which had been tolerated or encouraged under Weimar. And now once more the Germans are faced not only with the provincial separation fostered by the Western Allies in the new constitution, but with the far graver rift between western and eastern Germany. We all know that the Germans today want to recover their unity. But when I am told that somebody wants something, I always want to know how much he really wants it; and the only way to measure this is to ask what other things he is prepared to sacrifice in order to get it. And when I ask how much Germans want national unity, or, in other words, what they are prepared to sacrifice for it, I think the plain answer is: 'Everything'.

The Lesson of History

That seems to me to be the lesson and the moral of German history for more than a hundred years past. A lot of Germans today, perhaps even most Germans, want democracy; a lot of Germans want to see applied in Germany that rather vague code of liberal doctrine which we call—a little priggishly, I fear—"western values". But how much do they want it? What are they prepared to sacrifice for it? In my view, the answer to this question is the answer of German history. Offer Germany the choice between national unity and democracy, and the answer will come pat: 'Let democracy go'. Offer Germany the choice between national unity and western values: they will not hesitate for a split second. I am not blaming them. If I were a German, I might make the same choice. I do not think the choice is either wicked or irrational. In a sense it is one of those choices about which one cannot argue. I plead only for understanding. German national unity is the overriding political ambition—political obsession, if you like—to which all, or almost all, else will be sacrificed in case of need. Let us realise this, or we shall once more be disappointed and then blame the Germans for our own blindness.

Let me pass on to the other fundamental element in Germany's political attitude to the world of which I wish to speak. I will put it

in a deliberately provocative way. Germany is not, and never can be, a western power. It is equally true that Germany is not, and cannot be, an eastern power. Germany is an east-west power, a central power, occupying a key position in the European continent precisely for that reason. Germany cannot be a member of an Atlantic community in the way in which Britain and France are members of an Atlantic community. This is just as much of a truism as to say that Britain cannot be a continental power in the same sense as Germany and France; and it is just as important in its practical results. One does not need to pay an exaggerated tribute to geopolitics in order to recognise these simple facts of geography. It is just as silly to blame Germany for not behaving like a western power as it is to blame Britain for not behaving like a continental power.

Duality Motif

Take a map of Germany at any recent period of her history, and look at that long, wide open frontier, geographically undefined and ethnographically blurred, that constantly shifting eastern frontier. Or go back a little further into history. Perhaps we are rather tired of being reminded that the frontier of the Roman Empire ran slap across the middle of modern Germany. Perhaps we are rather tired of being reminded of the duality motif in German literature, 'Two souls, alas, dwell in my breast'. But, after all, there is something vital and significant in this traditional background. Let me for the moment put it rather more cautiously as a historian: 'Germany never has been a western power'.

The limitations of geography are, however, sometimes overcome, and historical traditions are sometimes modified or they decay. Need we despair today of the possibility—in modern jargon—of 'integrating Germany into the western community of nations?' This was what was attempted in the age of Bismarck and again, even more persistently and with greater apparent hope of success, under Weimar. Both attempts broke down. We had better begin by asking why; and the enquiry will, I think, bring us to grips with our subject.

It was rather less than 100 years ago that German heavy industry set out on its spectacular career. It started later than its British competitor, and, while it formed the basis of Germany's growing military power, occupied for some time a secondary place in world markets. Then, towards the end of the century, German heavy industry found a new and fruitful outlet in the east in the industrial development of Russia, and long before 1914 had well outstripped Great Britain as a producer of iron and steel and of machinery and equipment. These prosperous days ended with the first world war. After 1919 Germany was in a desperate plight. She was not allowed to manufacture armaments, always a major branch of German heavy industry; exports to the western world were cut off by the discriminatory measures imposed at Versailles. There was only one way out—the way that led east. Stinnes, the trust-maker and king of German coal, iron and steel in the early nineteen-twenties, was one of the two strongest advocates of an eastern orientation in German policy; the other was Seeckt, the head of the Reichswehr.

The Rapallo Treaty of 1922 was the political expression of the re-entry of German heavy industry into the Russian market. It began innocently enough with the manufacture of agricultural machinery for Russia by Krupp, swords into ploughshares. It developed less innocently into quite a large programme of secret rearmament for the mutual advantage of Germany and Russia, weapons forbidden by the Versailles Treaty, such as aircraft and tanks, being manufactured by German firms (Krupps and Junkers were the most important of them) on Russian soil. In the fifteen years between the German defeat and the coming of Hitler it was the Russian market that kept German industry alive; and it was for this reason if for no other that Germany could not be a western power and had to balance so carefully between east and west—the policy of Stresemann. Only when Hitler came to power and started a vast programme of armament at home did the Russian market cease to be vital for German heavy industry.

Where do we stand today—or rather where does Germany stand—in relation to this problem? We have left behind us the craziness of the butcher-bird period when we proposed to pastoralise Germany and destroy German industry. Nowadays we look with approval and admiration, perhaps sometimes with envy, at German figures of production. But have we considered where these products of German heavy industry are to find their market? The allies have encouraged, almost compelled, Germany to scrap the elements of a planned economy which they had themselves set up at the beginning of the occupation, so that

there is no chance of finding an outlet for these products at hand in a big public works programme.

There remain three, and only three, alternatives. The first is to find markets in the western world in competition mainly with American and British exports; but this will not suit either the United States or Britain, who will find ways and means to exclude this competition if it becomes serious. The second, and at present the most promising, way out is a big German rearmament programme financed by the United States. But can this, one wonders, go on indefinitely as a permanent basis for the German economy? And, if it does, will it not soon make Germany so powerful that she will be able to dictate her own terms in Europe, if not beyond? It is not surprising that this alternative is not altogether to the taste of a good many Europeans. The third alternative is to reopen to German industry the markets of the east, not only the markets of Russia, now perhaps less absorptive since the industrialisation of Russia herself under the five-year plans, but the markets of China, now in much the same position as Russia was thirty years ago. Do you really believe that we can keep these markets of eastern Europe and Asia indefinitely closed to a German heavy industry crying out for markets? I doubt it. German industry is not going to sit and starve for lack of markets. These markets will certainly not stay closed if we are going to put power back into Germany's hands to follow her own course.

Only the other day I read in an article in *The Times* that the German industrialists were now advertising their products in the communist press of western Germany. Plainly it is not among German communists that they hope to find customers. Last April one of the oldest and most respectable of the German reviews carried an article on the thirtieth anniversary of the Rapallo Treaty. It was written by a member of Stresemann's party, who held minor office under the Weimar Republic, and it ended with a curiously nostalgic sigh: 'Germany, dismembered and disarmed, can today enter into treaty relations with the Soviet Union only as a member of a group of powers. . . . Nothing could show more graphically to what a decline Germany has been brought by a criminal and incompetent politician'. Germany in decline, yes. But what about a restored Germany? I do not for a moment doubt the sincerity of those Germans who assure us that they regard the Russians with detestation and horror and want to have nothing to do with them. Seven years ago we had exactly the same feelings about the Germans; and we were just as sincere; today we are courting their alliance. I am making no predictions: all sorts of things may happen in the next decade in Germany. But of one thing I feel confident: Germany belongs to eastern Europe just as much as to western Europe. Germany never has been, is not, and, at any rate so long as she retains her present economic structure, cannot be a western power.

That is my conclusion. For forty years we have been looking at Germany alternately through eyes of hatred and mistrust or through a sentimental haze of wishful thinking. It is about time we realised that neither hatred nor wishful thinking is a key to understanding. It is about time we realised on the one hand that the Germans are not monsters of iniquity, and on the other hand that they cannot be kept as obedient satellites of the west, who share our interests and outlook and will dance to our tune. The Germans are a vigorous and independent people with an outlook and interests that diverge widely and legitimately from ours. Let us begin by trying to understand them.

—Third Programme

To a Poet

upon his using a map for a coverlet

In either hand he holds a city,
Over his shoulder stretch the hills,
Upon his breast, the fields at seedtime,
And in his heart, their secret growth.

His arteries mark out the highways
And warm with love the poorly shod,
His dreams are told by woods and spinneys,
And at his feet by calling waves.

Harvest and calms are in his breathing
Under the furrows and the sea.

I. R. ORTON

The League and the United Nations

The Rt. Hon. PHILIP NOEL-BAKER, M.P., on empirical constitution-making

ROUSSEAU'S 'Social Contract', a philosopher's figment, with its message of human equality and the Rights of Man, helped to shake the eighteenth-century world to its foundations, and to prepare the way for the Napoleonic epoch of cosmic conflict and revolt.

The next world war brought the Covenant of the League of Nations, the first real Social Contract in history. Till it was signed, the nations had been living in Rousseau's 'state of nature'; with no organised institutions, no common law to limit their anarchic freedom, or to subordinate individual violence to the General Will. In 1936 that first Social Contract was allowed to lapse and fail. Mussolini was permitted to defy the law it had set up, and to conquer Abyssinia; mankind fell back into the old anarchy of pre-League days. The second world war followed, as night follows day.

The Charter and the Covenant

But, after six years of carnage, the nations made a second Social Contract—the Charter of the United Nations, signed at San Francisco in 1945. In all essentials, the Charter was a new and wordier version of the Covenant. It had 111 Articles instead of 26; it sought to define in greater detail the purposes of the new society, and the basic obligations of its members; it prescribed in greater detail the way in which its institutions ought to work. But the institutions were substantially the same: an Assembly, three councils to do the work of one, an international secretariat or civil service, an International Court of Justice, special organs for economic, social, and other kinds of international co-operation. Except for the veto in the Security Council, the basic law was substantially the same. In effect, the Governments said: 'There wasn't much wrong with the Covenant, after all. Let's try it again, remembering, if we can, the lessons to be learnt from the failure that brought the second war'.

The Charter is simply the Covenant writ long, for a simple but conclusive reason. The nations, whether they like it or not, now live in a common world society; they share common interests which only common action can promote; the barriers of time and space exist no more. That was true in 1920, when Smuts startled everyone by saying: 'The world is growing smaller'. It is far more true today. The United Nations, like the League, is, and must be, the first tentative beginning of world government. It must solve the same problem that the League nearly solved, and certainly could and would have solved, if its leading members had given it even a reasonable measure of support—the same problem of substituting law for war, reason for violence, in the world-wide community of man.

It must solve the same problem by the same methods. It is no accident that the constitutional forms of the League and the United Nations were evolved by adapting to the needs of international life the normal institutions of a democratic state. Of course, the leading governments thought world peace and order could best be brought by the system which had given them peace and order in their national states. The alternative to government by force is government by opinion, that is, government by debate. Only opinion can uphold the law, as the history of prohibition in America clearly showed. As Fridtjof Nansen said, the League Assembly was either an international parliament or it was nothing at all. It inevitably became the controlling, money-voting, policy-making organ of the League, as parliament is here; the same is true of the General Assembly of the United Nations.

The United Nations is simply the old League re-born. And yet its institutions look and feel very different from those we knew in Geneva twenty years ago. There are a host of reasons. First, the authors of the Charter approached their problem in quite a different way. When the Covenant was written in 1919, Woodrow Wilson, at all stages, let Lord Cecil set the pace. Lord Cecil, with strong support from Smuts, consciously and consistently put as little as possible into the Covenant about the way in which the League should work. His idea of constitution-making was wholly British—to set up the essential institutions, to let them decide their own procedure, and then, by

customary practice, to let them grow. Looking back to Simon de Montfort, we may claim that this method gives more elasticity, more scope for progress, more solid strength, than any other. But the United States have a written Constitution; so have the continentals; and at San Francisco their view prevailed. It was supported, of course, by many people who wanted to write into the Charter all the good customs established by the League, and to lay down rules that would prevent its failures and mistakes.

All this was natural and defensible enough. It is too soon to say if it has succeeded, but so far I hardly think it has. The progress of the League in its first ten years, while the Covenant was still supported, was far greater than anyone had hoped; its power of growth was increasing every year; delegates in the Assembly, leader writers in the press, constantly spoke of the Covenant as 'this wonderful instrument'. Nobody says that about the Charter now. All institutions grow, however rigid the written constitution by which they may be bound; the greater elaboration of the Charter is not all loss; but, broadly, I still believe the British kind of constitution-making is the best.

I believe that is true even of the specialised agencies which we have just debated in the House. In the Covenant, there were two lines about public health; the members of the League undertook 'to endeavour to take steps in matters of international concern for the prevention and control of disease'. That was all; but on that constitutional foundation the Assembly created a health committee, through which a great system of international health co-operation was built up. The United Nations spent months elaborating a constitution for the present World Health Organisation; the constitution has nineteen chapters, containing much that is good; but the link between the Organisation and the United Nations is much less close than in the League, and I do not believe the Assembly gives it the same impulsion and support. The case on economic co-operation is stronger still; on twenty words in the Covenant—and very non-committal words—the League in its first decade made tremendous progress; the United Nations prepared a very elaborate constitution for an international trade organisation, but so far it has not been ratified, and is not in force. Do not misunderstand me; world organisations cannot work without some kind of written constitution; the analogy with the British Commonwealth is wholly false. But the simpler they are, the more British, the less they hamper growth and change, the more likely are they, in my view, to succeed.

Disappearance of the Old Colonialism

The United Nations institutions look and feel different from the League for another reason. In the Third Assembly in Geneva, just thirty years ago, a great Indian orator, Sastri, created a sensation by beginning his speech: 'Brother and Sister Delegates'. It was not only the intellectual distinction and the eloquence of his speech that surprised his audience; it was his bold, confident assertion of the equal brotherhood of all the races of mankind. At that same Assembly, a Negro delegate from Haiti, Bellegarde, made another sensation when, in the name of all the subject coloured peoples, he pleaded for justice for a primitive tribe for whom South Africa was the Mandatory Power. But today the equality of all races is so much assumed in United Nations meetings, that the mere suspicion of discrimination will raise a storm. The old colonialism has disappeared; far more free and independent nations in the Middle East, in Asia, and in Africa now send delegations; Europe is less adequately represented—the Soviet veto still keeps out Italy, the Irish Republic, Finland, Portugal, and others; in consequence the whole Assembly is far less European, far less dominated by the white nations, than it used to be. And, of course, many of these new members do not come with much experience of democratic institutions or of parliamentary debate; in these early years, that helps to make the new Assembly and the councils hard to work.

But a much more serious difference between the League and the United Nations lies in the behaviour of the Russians, and of the four

other delegations whom they control. Half a century ago, a foreign visitor asked our then Prime Minister, Arthur Balfour, later a great League figure, why the British parliament worked so well. He replied: 'Because everybody in every party wants it to work well'. In the Geneva days, everyone, within certain limits, wanted the League to work; Litvinov was full of doubts when he arrived, but he soon became as co-operative as anybody else: when the dictators of Japan and Germany and Italy turned against the League, they left it and took their delegates away. But now Russia stays in the United Nations; her delegates play a large part in the Assembly, in the councils, and in the committees which are set up. Yet it would be hard to show that Russia wants the U.N. to work, or that she is doing her share to carry out the great purposes for which it was set up. Her spokesmen and her satellites do a lot of what, in our parliament, we should call obstruction.

Longer Meetings

These last two things—the increased number of new and inexperienced delegations, and the constant obstruction by the Russians—have had two most unfortunate results. First, the meetings of the Assembly and the councils last far longer than they used to in Geneva days. Second, it is impossible in some matters to hope for practical results at all. So the governments who want results have been literally compelled to act outside the United Nations either through new special institutions or in other ways. The Atlantic Powers have set up N.A.T.O. with its council, its secretariat, and its Supreme Command, to organise the collective defence which it was hoped the United Nations would provide. When Molotov made it plain that he would try to smash the plan for Marshall Aid, he left the west no choice; European economic reconstruction had to be done outside the United Nations or not at all; O.E.E.C. had to be set up, although E.C.E., the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe, which works in the old League building in Geneva, was already there. The Council of Europe was only set up at Strasbourg because both Europe and the United Nations had been split by Russia.

These two developments, the great length of the United Nations' sessions, and the creation of outside agencies to do some of the most important United Nations' jobs, have combined to keep the leading ministers away. In the first decade of the League of Nations, scores of cabinet ministers, prime ministers, foreign ministers, and others, came to the Assembly. Britain never had less than three cabinet ministers, as well as under-secretaries; and they stayed right to the end. And the foreign ministers met also at three sessions of the council every year. Now, foreign ministers never go to United Nations councils; they spend, perhaps, a fortnight at the Assembly; they spend far longer at the meetings of N.A.T.O., O.E.E.C. Strasbourg, and the rest. That may be a dangerous tendency if, as we all believe, only world-wide institutions based on world-wide law can give us peace. And there are people, some in America, some even here, who say that the Assembly and the councils have lost prestige; that their acrimonious debates do harm; that the Charter is losing the binding force of law; that the policy of the leading powers will not be based much longer on the firm resolve that the U.N. system shall be made to work.

There is some truth in all of that. And yet, in spite of what I have said, I believe that the main difference between the League and the United Nations is that there is far more solid government support for the United Nations and the Charter than there ever was for the Covenant and the League. Even in its first decade of success and growth, the League suffered from the fierce attacks made from many quarters on its budget. It only spent about £1,000,000 a year—1d. a head per annum for the people of Britain; and yet a British foreign secretary could solemnly warn the Assembly against the great increase in the health budget, when the extra cost to Britain was £1,500! The effect of that constant and often hostile pressure was crippling in many ways. Today the World Health Organisation alone spends several times as much as the whole League used to cost, and everyone regards it as a good investment.

The Covenant laid cast-iron obligations on the members of the League to carry through an all-round reduction of their armaments; in spite of Lord Cecil's and Arthur Henderson's gallant fight, the leading governments never made a serious effort to fulfil that pledge. The Charter is much less precise on this vital matter; but Britain, France, and the United States have already made proposals in New York for arms reduction and inspection that go far beyond anything officially endorsed before. Mussolini's Abyssinian aggression was at

once the culminating near-success of the League of Nations, and the beginning of its disintegration and defeat. There has never been so spontaneous and so universal an uprising of world opinion as there was then. Yet the governments flouted the evident wishes of their peoples, betrayed the Covenant, and allowed the 'pocket Napoleon' to prevail. It would have been very easy for the governments in 1950 to have said that the United Nations could do nothing to save Korea from the Communist attack. But they stood firm against aggression; and in spite of present complications, we may one day see that the stand they made was the decisive turning-point to peace.

There is, indeed, very solid government support for the United Nations. The leaders of most democratic countries know, and say, that their most vital national interest lies in its success. N.A.T.O., O.E.E.C., and all the rest are temporary expedients, which they hope, when Russia lets them, to merge in the United Nations. They dislike the acrimony of the Russian speeches; but they know that government by debate in international affairs has come to stay.

This solid government support is our greatest hope, as it is the greatest difference between the United Nations and the League. The League never at any period had support like that. It depended for its success and progress on the personal leadership and the personal devotion of a few great men—Cecil, Nansen, Briand, Benes, Arthur Henderson, and perhaps half a dozen more. These men showed us what public international debate could mean, and how a single speech could produce a profound and permanent effect. Cecil's speech to the first Assembly about the council's handling of international disputes, and his call to them 'to be just and fear not'; Nansen's appeal for the starving millions of Russia in the famine of 1921; Briand's welcome to Germany, which launched a movement for Franco-German reconciliation that gathered tremendous power; Paul Boncour on arbitration, security and disarmament—these were milestones on what could and should have been the road to peace. They formed the thinking of the peoples, the moral and intellectual foundation of the rule of law; and I believe that thinking still endures. That is the vindication of the League of Nations, and of the great men who formed it, led it, made it grow; it is the true ground for hoping that the United Nations will one day succeed. If it does succeed, if international government, international law and order become a fact, then much that seems today important will be forgotten, and the story of our generation will be written around the two Social Contracts which, it will then be clear, have been the great, central events of the epoch of change and convulsion in which we live.—*Third Programme*

The Expedition

All is a farce: the roads that seem
to lead to sunsets lead a team
of men to worse than penury.

Their hulk has long since sunk; their sight
is changing with the hills of night
and beckons ghosts in misery.

No letters now will reach the land
the men once knew: an endless sand
surrounds them like the mouth of hell.

Slowly they fall into a pit
of flame because they cannot fit
new lives on old: or bargain well.

In total need and all alone
they scream for succour in a tone
that warns it off.—And blackness reigns.

At home, perhaps, resounding names
are given to their frantic games,
but no one knows: lost are the chains

that bound them there. They cease to care
for future plans and seek despair
and snatch its terrifying food.

They even relish their dismay,
a last enchantment in the way
they die as one, a forlorn brood.

DWIGHT SMITH



Bolsover Castle: the courtyard from the east

Englishmen's Castles

Bolsover Castle, Derbyshire

By NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

YOU had better first of all get the Cavendishes right. The story starts for us with Bess of Hardwick, that able, grasping old woman who built Hardwick Hall, bare, big, and forbidding. She built it for herself when she was seventy-two and found herself a widow for the fourth time. She was the daughter of a well-to-do squire at Hardwick in Derbyshire and married a rich squire when she was fourteen. He died when she was fifteen and left his estates to her.

So she married again, Sir William Cavendish. She soon made him give up his estates in the south-west and buy new ones in her part of the country, Chatsworth for instance, where they began to build a remarkably vast mansion. She bore him about a child a year and six of them grew up, three sons and three daughters. Then he died and left her his estates, and she married Sir William St. Loe, who after a while also died and also left her what he possessed. She was remarkably rich then, and so, when she was fifty, she landed her great haul and married George Talbot, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury. And to make that connection trebly sure she also arranged for one of her Cavendish sons to marry one of his daughters and one of her Cavendish daughters one of his sons.

Bolsover was a Shrewsbury property. It was, when Leland saw it about 1540 or so, 'a great building of an old castle'. After Bess's death in 1608 Chatsworth and Hardwick went to Bess's eldest son, William Cavendish, Bolsover to the Talbots. Chatsworth is still Cavendish property, that is the property of the Dukes of Devonshire, and Bolsover was bought by Bess's second son, Charles Cavendish, in 1613. He died in 1617, and his son became Earl of Newcastle and later Duke of Newcastle. So Bess in her grave might well be satisfied;

her descendants in a few generations had collected two dukedoms. Bolsover then, by several marriages, went to the Bentincks, later Cavendish-Bentincks, and they, the Dukes of Portland, have recently handed it on to the Ministry of Works. No one can blame them; for it is nearly all in ruins.

You usually approach Bolsover from the town, but you should try to get your first sight from the south-east, from that desperate vale of Scarsdale which is now all opencast mining and smoke and dust. It is as dreary a piece of scenery as you may find anywhere in Derbyshire; and there, above it, rises, along the ridge of a steep cliff nearly 600 feet up and very prominent, the silhouette of Bolsover Castle, a castle silhouette indeed, with the spreading stone buildings on the right and the sharp accent of the keep on the left. Yet, with all that picture-book rightness, Bolsover is not a real castle at all. What Leland saw, you see no longer. Sir Charles Cavendish found the keep in ruins and

built it afresh, on the old foundations. So here is another man, like Lord Lumley up in County Durham, who at the time of Shakespeare thought it would be fun to re-evoke the baronial ages.

Why did he do it? Just for pleasure in pageantry? We cannot say; anyway, his keep has battlements and angle towers and might deceive anybody, if it were not for a few features. First of all the forecourt towards the edge of the escarpment, although it has an embattled wall, has also four little buildings of which two are gate-houses and two summer-houses. They are obviously no more than pleasancess, and the wall—which is anyway within the old castle walls—can hardly ever have guarded more than a little neatly laid out garden. You pass the two gatehouses, cross the forecourt, and then a wide, open staircase leads you up to the door-



The pillared hall in the keep

way. Above it a figure of Atlas carries a balcony, framed by two rather peculiar columns which carry a pediment. All that is classical stuff and contradicts the Norman character of the building. It is, however, no doubt a compliment to the superior comforts of Sir Charles' own age. Inside, on the ground floor, he goes on with his little masquerade. The dining-room and another room are divided by columns, and rib-vaulted, as if they were in some monastery of Thomas Becket's time. But the fireplaces are up to date, in white and black marble and alabaster, with columns and that peculiar kind of ornament known as strap-work which always gives away the Elizabethan and Jacobean age. It is a very original kind of ornament, not a bit like anything Roman or Renaissance, entirely abstract, and consisting of broad bands or straps rolled up at the ends or intertwined—sometimes like fretwork, sometimes like leatherwork or strips of parchment. You must have seen it many times in church monuments.

The walls of the rooms in the keep are panelled and two have paintings, one of the Olympian gods, the other of the Instruments of Christ's Passion. The most remarkable fact about them is that as paintings they are atrocious. It is an experience you may have anywhere in England, that these wealthy patrons about 1600 had no standards at all when it came to painting, and to sculpture also. Hundreds of sumptuous and extremely crude Elizabethan and Jacobean funeral monuments prove that, and at Bolsover the Venus Fountain in the garden behind the keep is a preposterous nude, standing stiffly with one foot high up on a kind of stool, as if she were trying on a shoe and found it uncomfortable. Artists in the Italian sense of the word were yet rare in England, just as architects in the Italian and the modern sense did not exist at all. The carvers and the masons were still the honest craftsmen of the medieval type who did their best, but knew no elegance or subtlety of proportion.

As a rule masons are not known by name in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. But at Bolsover we are lucky. In the church are memorials to two masons, John Smithson and his son Huntington who died in 1634 and 1648; and the Royal Institute of British Architects owns a collection of about 200 drawings by members of the Smithson family. In addition, in the church at Wollaton in Nottinghamshire, Robert Smithson lies buried who died in 1614 and is called the architect of Wollaton Hall, which is perhaps the most sumptuous and certainly the grossest of the Elizabethan mansions. At Wollaton the same romantic medievalism is apparent as in the castellated keep of Bolsover—angle turrets, Gothic-looking window details, and so on. Moreover, at Longleat in Wiltshire, Robert Smithson appears as early as 1568. So here we have the unique case of a dynasty of Elizabethan architects, probably three generations, busy on at least four major houses, very likely their designers, and, what is more, men with quite a taste of their own.

Building at Bolsover did not stop with the keep. Around the outer courtyard of the old castle towards the town there must have been buildings of some sort, and they were replaced by new ones about 1630. The owner now was Sir Charles' son William, who was made Earl of Newcastle in 1628. He was a great royalist and he entertained Charles I and his Queen lavishly, both at Welbeck and Bolsover, on their progress up to the north in 1634. The show is said to have cost him £20,000; that is, well over £500,000 in present-day money. Included in this sum must be that grand range of rooms which faces the crumbling terrace and the plain. It contains a long gallery and a few very large adjacent rooms, and has nothing domestic, livable-in,

or intimate, but as a show-piece it is extremely effective. The King, though, might well have found it a little provincial; for in London, at that time, Inigo Jones had created an extremely civilised, restrained new style of building—the style of the Banqueting House in Whitehall, all developed from the chastest and finest of Italian sixteenth-century palaces and villas. Bolsover is also Italian in its motifs, but the designer (perhaps Smithson) probably did not know Italy personally, but was satisfied with engravings in books, and amongst them chose consistently what was showy—doorways thickly surrounded by diamond-cut blocks of stone or stone blocks treated with 'vermiculated rustication', that is with curly worm-like wiggles in all directions over the surface of the block. His columns have their shafts crossed at intervals

by fat horizontal bands or by square raised blocks, and his pediments are open and broken on top and thickly decorated with coats of arms. The books Smithson has used must have been such as illustrate not so much the portals of palaces in Rome as gateways in gardens where the Italians were ready to be rustic and jolly. In addition, Rubens had published a book on the palaces of Genoa in 1623, and that, too, may have been known to Smithson.

The result at Bolsover is a grand display, especially as seen from the terrace. Perhaps the fact that it is all in ruins and that it overlooks so grim an industrial scenery makes it all the more moving, and there are few places in England known to me which tempt one so much to populate them with courtiers in van Dyck dress and trumpeters and actors and horsemen on ballottading horses. Yes—'ballottading' is correct; I have taken it straight from the Marquess of Newcastle's *Méthode et Invention de Dresser les Chevaux*, which he published in Antwerp in 1658. For he, the Marquess, former Earl, was a celebrated horseman, and the other building he put up at Bolsover is the Riding School, also with one of these sumptuous doorways. It leads straight into a room ninety by thirty feet, which was the riding school proper. In 1638 the Earl was made Governor to the Prince of Wales, and he prided himself on the prince's horsemanship. When the civil war came, he fought for the King, and then went into exile, first to

Hamburg, then to Paris, then to Holland, and then to Antwerp. Men like the Marquess were personally familiar with things abroad. And in matters of architecture, to be in the fashion was to be in the foreign fashion.

You all know Vitruvius' book on architecture. No other Roman book on the subject was preserved. So those who wanted to build in the Italian way and not the old, homespun English way, tended to make rather a fetish of him. When Charles I was at Bolsover—the grand new buildings just being got ready in time for him—a masque was offered him as an entertainment, written specially by Ben Jonson. And in that short masque, to conduct the first of the dances, who would appear but Colonel Vitruvius, supervising his mechanics. They are Chesil our curious Carver, Master Maul our Free-Mason, Squire Summer our Carpenter, Dresser the Plumber, Quarrel the Glazier, and so on. That sounds rather like Snug the Joiner and Bottom the Weaver. But the author of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' also wrote 'Julius Caesar' and 'Coriolanus', and so the mechanics at Bolsover had to be directed by Colonel Vitruvius.—*Home Service*

The new Greek theatre built by the boys of Bryanston School in Blandford, Dorset, in 1950-51 claims to be the first theatre constructed in England since the war. On July 18 and 19 Euripides' play 'Iphigenia in Tauris' will be performed there as a symphonic poem.



Entrance to the Riding School

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Are Americans Better Educated than We Are?

By SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE

THE first thing that strikes one about American education is how much there is of it. The normal school-leaving age there is sixteen; in California, eighteen; with us it is fifteen. In America there are about 2,500,000 students in universities and colleges; here there are some 83,000. Yet the population of the United States is only three times our own. Are Americans, then, better educated than we? Such a question does not admit an exact answer. But the average American does not seem to me any better educated than the average Englishman, though he receives much more education. Indeed, if you judge by the quality of radio, television, films, advertisements, or popular literature as seen on a hotel bookstall—and these reveal the public's mind—America seems to me on a lower level than Britain; yet reasonably high standards in these fields ought to result from education.

The 'Public Schools'

To resolve this puzzle, one must remember that as a request for pants or suspenders will bring different things in England and in America, so school, college and even university do not mean quite the same in the two countries. The words are the same, the meaning different. What are the differences? I will begin with the public schools. There at the outset you have a difference. In America the public schools are the state schools, where the vast majority of children go. There are some excellent private schools, but they only affect the few who can afford them; and a great number of well-to-do parents prefer to send their children to the public school. I will not discuss the elementary stage. The most important differences begin with secondary education, which starts in the public high school at the age of fourteen.

If you wanted to remodel our system on American lines, first you would abolish our modern secondary schools and send all children alike into comprehensive schools. In them you would teach every kind of subject from Latin and modern languages to shorthand and domestic economy. You would give almost complete freedom in the choice of subjects to be studied. You would abolish all specialisation. And children would be placed in the school and move up it, not according to their abilities, but in age groups; roughly the fourteen-year-olds together, the fifteen-year-olds together, and so on.

What result would you get? In America—I do not know what effect such a system would have in England—the results seem to be these. And first let me speak of the good results. In the last hundred years America has had two great tasks. The first is the development of a half continent; the second, and more difficult, is to create a nation out of immigrants drawn from a variety of peoples differing in race, language, traditions and religion. It has done this with amazing success. No doubt Americans differ widely, but there is a common element in all of them, a similarity of fundamental outlook, a belief in America and in something difficult to define but easy to recognise, 'the American way of life'. Of course, the immigrants were in a mood to become Americans. Most of them had escaped from poverty or oppression in their native lands, and they were ready to give their loyalty to the country which offered them liberty and a better life. But the high school played a vital part in turning them into Americans, partly by the daily salute to the flag and other deliberate emphasis on their new citizenship, partly by bringing them all together. It is a place of social education in the wide sense of the word.

But a big price has been paid for this achievement. When we turn to the educational aspects of the high school, using education in the narrower sense of the word, the picture changes. Here these schools are as weak, as they are strong on the social side. Let me mention some of their defects. If you bring all children together, whatever their abilities, in a single school, there will be a number of weak vessels, sometimes very weak ones, among them, and that will influence the curriculum. The school will have to provide the kind of subjects these weak pupils are capable of studying, and unless it is a really big school, the more difficult subjects, which only a minority can take, will tend to be dropped. And in any case the level of teaching and curriculum

throughout the school will be directed to the needs of children of average intelligence. It will be too high for the weakest pupils, who will suffer, too low for the abler ones, who will suffer still more. In America the clever children are an underprivileged class.

This is the defect that strikes one most in the high school. For the abler children the work is not hard enough. They are kept back. They mark time, and marking time, whether on a drill ground or in a school, is not exhilarating. So they get bored and frustrated. This defect is greatly increased by the American custom of classing children by age groups and moving them up by age. The result is that a class will contain children of every variety of intelligence.

There are indeed some schools where there are separate classes for pupils intending to proceed to college; but this is uncommon, and when I asked why the abler children should not be allowed to outdistance the weaker ones, I was told that it would lead to tensions, which would make the school ineffective as an instrument of social education. One result of this American system is apparent when the American boy or girl proceeds to college. At that stage they are from one and a half to two years behind an English boy or girl of the same age and ability, and very commonly they are backward both in the use of the English language and in knowing how to read a book. An American undergraduate, remembering his schooldays, once said to me in a moment of exasperation, 'Our high school produces well-adjusted morons'; and the same idea was expressed in a less extreme form by a critic who said, 'When he leaves school the American is socially more mature than the Englishman, intellectually less mature; and the distinction lasts through life'.

Colleges and Universities

Now let me pass from school to college and university. There is a distinction between the two: the college gives a B.A. degree; the university proper is for post-graduate or professional work. Most universities include both stages; but there are many colleges, which confine themselves to work for the B.A. The American provision under this head is immense. There are nearly 1,800 institutions of higher education. The standards in different institutions vary greatly. In Britain a B.A. means much the same thing whatever university gives it: in America it may mean many things.

The college stage lasts normally four years and ends in a B.A. And here the educational defects of the high school are at once apparent; indeed, if we wish to realise how profoundly the secondary school affects the university, America is a good place to do it. At college the student has to make up about two years of education which in England he would have done at school; and, equally serious, he arrives at college without the preparation for the university type of study, which the specialised work of the last two years at school gives an English pupil. So when the American student takes his B.A., he is decidedly behind the English student of comparable age and ability, who has reached the same stage. After his B.A., often earlier, he enters one of the university professional schools in law, business, medicine, journalism, agriculture, home economics, or whatever his occupation is to be: he may take a post-graduate course, involving training in research. Either way he will have several more years of study.

You may ask, Do not their methods and ours produce much the same result in the end; and if so, why do you prefer our system? I would answer that an American who has taken a college and a university post-graduate course is no doubt a highly educated man, and American scholarship can challenge work in any country. And yet I do not think that their system is as satisfactory as ours. For one thing they take several years longer to achieve the same result and this is expensive in time and money. The American system is the luxury of a rich people. For another I believe that our honours courses (to which most American colleges have no real equivalent) give a more suitable education to all except students with exceptional scholastic ability, than post-graduate courses give. At the same time please do not underestimate the excellence of the best post-graduate education in

America. Our undergraduate education seems to me decidedly better than theirs; but their organisation of post-graduate studies is more thorough than ours, and in particular we have nothing in our universities comparable to their graduate schools of, for instance, business and law.

Now let me return to another side of American college and university education—their numbers: some 2,500,000 students. It is impressive. But, to quote an English vice-chancellor, 'It cannot be too emphatically stated that in America the term "university" means something quite different from what it means here. To give you a rough idea: suppose that on our side you took our university undergraduate population and added to them all the schoolboys and schoolgirls in the top forms of our grammar schools and public schools, and added also a considerable part of the students in our business and commercial colleges, training colleges, polytechnics and technical colleges, and many other types of vocational institutions, if you were to lump all these together, then you would get pretty much the collection of young people who, in the U.S.A., could all be rated as university students'.

The system is seen in its extreme form in the great state universities, which must admit any pupil who has gone through a high school, a hurdle not the height of a croquet-hoop. It is not surprising that after a year about a third or more of the entrants drop out. Individual tuition or personal contact between staff and students is impossible. And imagine the position of a lecturer who finds himself addressing a miscellaneous crowd whose intelligence quotients run the whole gamut from top to almost bottom. Add a further result of the system. Big staffs are required to cope with these big numbers. But the amount of first-class ability available for university teaching falls below the numbers of teachers needed. In consequence, though the leading professors in these huge institutions are of first-class intellectual ability, the lower ranks of their teachers are often below what we should consider suitable for university work.

I now pass to a practical question; can we profitably adapt the American system to our needs? Can we learn anything from it? You will probably have guessed my answer: we cannot profitably adopt their system and we cannot learn anything from their high schools. That is not to suggest that the American school is not suited to American needs. It was indeed the child of them, the need to form a nation out of very disparate elements; and here its work has been superb. And it fits in with the American conception of democracy. I remember an Englishman who knows America well saying of a famous American university head: 'President Blank is torn between his democratic instincts and his dislike of students coming to his university unable to read or write'. Of course there is much discontent in American university circles with their present high school system.

Our methods are very different. Instead of their comprehensive high school, where pupils of very various capacities are thrown together, we have two types of secondary school, the grammar school leading on to the university for the children of higher intellectual ability, and for others the modern secondary school, where the leaving age is at present fifteen.

The advantage of our system is that under it a curriculum can be devised which provides for different gifts, different types of ability. Its principle is that the education should be adapted to the child. That seems to me the right kind of equality, not the kind which shuts its eyes to natural inequality and classes all children together, but one whose motto is: 'To each according to his needs and powers, without respect to wealth or position'. For once the British, who are so rarely logical, seem to have followed logic; perhaps because here logic and common sense coincide. Our system, like any system, has its weak points, but they are nothing compared to the weaknesses of the American high school.

So I think that we, with our different conditions and problems, can get salutary warnings, but not lessons, from American secondary education. If we imitated them, we should begin to suffer from their weaknesses. Yet we can learn from other features of American education. Our higher technological education is generally admitted to be much inferior to theirs; we might consider whether we could not devise some equivalent to the training given in their post-graduate schools of business or law. And they have given more thought to the problem of excessive specialisation than we. Courses in science, in political and social subjects, and in the humanities are compulsory in the majority of American colleges. We are beginning experiments of the same kind, notably at the new University College of Staffordshire. And we cannot help noticing that an immensely higher percentage of their population have a post-school education. No doubt a pupil who completes an English grammar school education has been taken much further by it than a pupil who goes through an American high school. Yet even so, education here ends with school for far too large a proportion of the population. I do not think that the cure is to bring large numbers to our universities and so transform their character and lower their standard. The remedy lies in an extension of adult education for those who do not attend the university.

To sum up: American education is immensely interesting and full of the vitality and experiment characteristic of the country. Contact with it is stimulating apart from any lessons it may have for us. It is, however, important not to learn the wrong things from it but to study it in the spirit of Polonius' admirable maxim: 'Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.'—*Third Programme*

Britain's Economic Position, 1952

By R. F. KAHN

IT is natural to take a selfish view and I suppose that to most of us the interesting thing about the economic crisis is that the Government does not seem to want consumers as a body to suffer. It is true that many are to be somewhat worse off as a result of the rise in food prices decreed in the Budget—including, as we know, some of those whose need is great—but this is balanced by the improvement in the position of a large number of income-tax payers; that is to say it is balanced if we are thinking in terms of aggregate physical quantities rather than of human happiness. The cuts on imports will mean less variety—particularly for those who cannot afford the more fancy imported foodstuffs. But the idea seems to be that increased use of home-produced goods will compensate—so far as physical quantities are concerned—for the reduction of imports.

It is a very serious balance of payments crisis, but in so far as some are called upon to make a sacrifice, that is in the broad balanced by concessions to others. *The Economist* newspaper, which has been consistently critical of the Government for failing to take a tougher line, pointed out that in the Budget statement: 'The diversion of manpower was not so much as mentioned'. And a fortnight later *The Economist* had another article advocating disinflation even at the

expense of some extra unemployment. Referring in this to the tougher policy which they are pressing on the Government, *The Economist* wrote: 'It is not a perfect policy, but the Conservatives certainly have no other; to draw back from it at the first signs of unemployment would be to have no policy for solvency at all'.

I am not myself in sympathy with the spirit which lies behind such criticisms. But certainly they should not be ignored, and I think that there is much to be learnt from them. The importance of securing a diversion of manpower is perhaps the main consideration in the minds of the critics. There is also the idea that if there was a little extra slack in the labour market the individual firm would be more enterprising in trying to develop and expand, the individual worker would be rather more on his toes because he would fear losing his job, employers would be less inclined to bid up wages, and trade unions would be less insistent on securing concessions. And then there is the point that for each individual commodity there is more available for export if the home market takes less and—though many business men would deny this—if the home market is less attractive, business men will take more trouble to seek export orders and be readier to accept them. Finally—but this is a point on which for obvious reasons few of the critics of the Government's policy wish to dwell—a diminution in the country's

production would mean less need for imported raw materials and an increase in unemployment would mean that somewhat less would be spent on imported food and tobacco.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer indicated the other day in a general sort of way what he feels about this kind of attitude when he suggested that 'those who talk about pools of unemployment should be thrown into them and made to swim'. The point is that the Chancellor feels that our consumer goods industries may be in for a rather bad time anyhow, particularly in export markets. This is true already of the textile and clothing industries. It is in these industries that all the additional unemployment compared with two years ago is so far to be found. But the Government's apprehensions extend more widely and their view is, to quote the Chancellor's words, that if they had imposed 'further cuts in home consumption we could not have managed to sell abroad the products thus set free'. The Government does not want to go out of its way to add to the amount of slack which, it fears, will anyhow develop in the industries producing consumer goods. These are the goods of which it is said in the Government's Economic Survey for 1952: 'We could not sell enough of the things we could supply'. The Survey goes on: 'and we could not supply enough of the things we could sell'. There it is referring to the products of the engineering industries. Faced with the apparent physical inability of the engineering industries, on which falls the main impact of rearmament, to maintain their exports, the Labour Government looked forward to an improvement in exports of consumer goods. The present Government has abandoned any such hope for consumer goods, and feels that we must after all look to the exports of engineering goods for which world markets still appear promising.

Rearmament Must Go On

This brings us to the nub of the Government's policy. Rearmament must go on. It follows that if the exports of the engineering industries are to be maintained, still more if they are to be further increased, the amount of new plant and machinery retained at home must be reduced. In other words, civil investment has to be cut. It seems on the face of it an odd thing to have to do when our trouble is fundamentally that we cannot export enough to pay for the imports which we should like to have. This must partly be a matter of industrial efficiency, towards which new factory buildings, plant and machinery can contribute so much. If it was just a temporary difficulty which we were in, there might be less to be said against a temporary reduction in investment as a means of overcoming it, though even then it would be important to remember that the flow of ideas into projects and of projects into material development is a slow and delicate process and cannot be turned off and on as with a tap. But although we talk about the 1947 crisis, the 1949 crisis, and the 1951 crisis, there is every reason for saying that there is something chronically wrong. If that is accepted, industrial investment is surely all-important.

The figures for national investment which politicians are fond of quoting are very misleading. First, they are almost invariably quoted gross, so as to include all replacements. Secondly, only a small part of the total relates to manufacturing industry. A great deal is in housing, which the Government does not intend to touch at all—far from it—and in such things as rural water and electricity schemes, improvements on the railways affecting the comfort of passengers, and so on. Even investment in electric generation can doubtfully be regarded as contributing to industrial efficiency. It is true that without it industry would suffer from the shedding of the load. But what investment in electricity is really doing is to make it possible for more and more people to enjoy the luxury of electric fires in their bedrooms and immersion heaters for their baths, which throw their load on to the electricity system just when it is least able to meet it. So far as the contribution of electricity to industrial efficiency is concerned, it is, as the Red Queen said: 'Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place'.

Professor Austin Robinson made some calculations two years ago. After allowing for the growth of population, he concluded, in very broad terms, that as things were then going we should not 'have restored the level of capital per head in industry and public utilities to its pre-war standard until some time in 1954'*. And before the war many of our industries were in notoriously bad shape. The comparison with the United States is really rather frightening. There, the rate of new industrial investment per worker employed in industry has been several times as great as ours, even before our recent cuts.

The obvious question is, why do we not encourage the engineering

industries to expand as they did during the war instead of restricting the demands placed on them. Mr. Butler's answer was that 'having regard to the supplies of steel which are likely, we could not avoid the investment cuts, since without them there would not have been enough for home and export together'. And so the whole thing boils down to shortage of steel. It is on the fact of a shortage of steel that the Government's policy is essentially based. And by the same token it is complete nonsense to talk about a restoration of traditional monetary policy. In 1951 Britain was the only steel-producing country in the world which failed to produce more steel than in 1950. World output rose by eleven per cent., whereas ours fell by four per cent.† Shortage of scrap has been the big difficulty: in 1950 we got a lot of scrap from Germany, in 1951 very much less. Possibly we could get more scrap from abroad, and certainly more iron ore, if we had more coal to offer for export as a bargaining counter. More coal will also be needed to provide coke for the additional blast furnaces which are being erected.

The whole intricate business calls for intense drive and co-ordination. In other countries it seems likely that there will soon be a good deal of steel to spare, particularly in the United States. In 1951 American steel production had increased in one year by one-half of our own total production—and American steel capacity is still expanding. If the strike is settled, the United States will already be helping us out in a big way this year, and next year she should be able to do considerably more. So will other countries, like Belgium and Luxembourg, which are actually discouraging their exports of steel in order to assist the solvency of the European Payments Union.

Of course we must be prepared to pay dollars for the steel if we want it. It is needed to make our industries more efficient. It will spell suicide if we cannot afford the dollars required. The danger to my mind is that the question will not be allowed to arise. A policy of discouraging investment, particularly in so far as it is based on dear money, is slow in getting into its swing but has great momentum. It would be difficult to revive the domestic demand for the plant and machinery even if the steel were there later on. But the steel will not be there without trouble and expense and the temptation will be to avoid the trouble and expense and carry on with the discouragement of industrial investment, particularly if by then the Government have been bamboozled by their critics into thinking that their object is not merely to eke out the available steel to the best advantage but to exercise a really damping effect on the economy generally. It is most important to recognise that the traditional policy of credit restriction would mean restriction of investment even if steel were available, and that is something quite different from what the Government says its policy is.

A Bottleneck of Steel

But steel is not enough. The position in the engineering industries is that if we had some steel we could have some machinery—if we had some manpower. What about engineering manpower, of which there is still a shortage? We did pretty well in the war in building it up. This brings me back to where I started. It is no use trying to divert manpower into the engineering industries if there is no steel to set it to work on. My own view is that better use could be made of the steel now available. But the Government sees no point in cutting consumption in order to divert labour into engineering industries which are jammed in a bottleneck of steel. It follows, however, that as and when this bottleneck is widened—as and when more steel can be secured—the production of consumer goods should be curtailed so as to release labour for the manning up of the engineering industries. How should this be done, as and when the time comes? The conventional answer is: give another turn—or several more turns—to the screw of credit restriction. That conventional answer is based on a simple logical fallacy. If credit restriction is carried sufficiently far to affect the production of consumer goods, it does so by reducing the production of capital goods—including plant and machinery—so as to reduce general purchasing power. Obviously we cannot hope to divert labour into the production of plant and machinery, if the method of releasing the labour is to secure a reduction in the output of those goods. So the conventional answer is no good, to put it mildly. We shall have to rely on direct controls and on taxation, particularly purchase tax, to promote a diversion of productive resources from consumption to investment.

Export markets for consumer goods, and perhaps for capital goods, too, may deteriorate so much that the problem of finding labour for

(continued on page 22)

* Professor Austin Robinson (assisted by Mr. A. D. Roy), *London and Cambridge Economic Service*, May 1950

† Estimates of the British Iron and Steel Federation, *The Economist*, April 5

NEWS DIARY

June 25-July 1

Wednesday, June 25

Commons debate bombing by United Nations aircraft of power stations in N. Korea

Lord Alexander returns to London after visit to Korea, Canada, and U.S.A.

Attempted assassination of President Syngman Rhee at Pusan

Dr. Adenauer asks Western Powers to increase their patrols along east German border

Thursday, June 26

Mr. Eden and Mr. Acheson discuss political and military liaison in Korea

William Martin Marshall, Foreign Office radio operator, charged under Official Secrets Act, committed for trial

Engineering Unions and miners submit wage claims amounting to £300,000,000 a year

Both parties in Durham County Council closed-shop dispute agree to accept findings of Arbitration Court

Friday, June 27

Mr. Eden, Mr. Acheson and M. Schuman meet in London to discuss 'topics concerning Europe, Korea and S.E. Asia'

Report published by N.A.T.O. Information Services states that fewer than half the 7,000,000 prisoners taken by the Russians during the war have been repatriated

Saturday, June 28

Mr. Acheson leaves London for Berlin

Senator Taft outlines his views on foreign policy in speech at Virginia

United Nations aircraft continue their attacks on power stations in N. Korea

Sunday, June 29

Hilaly Pasha, Prime Minister of Egypt, resigns. King Farouk asks Hussein Sirry Pasha to form a government.

Mr. Acheson, speaking in Berlin, says that the Western Powers will go on trying to find a basis of agreement with the Soviet Union on Germany

Hottest day in London for two years (87°)

Monday, June 30

It is stated in Washington that on June 26 Mr. Acheson told private meeting of both Houses of Parliament in London that it was because of an error that the British Government had not been consulted before the attack was made on power plants in Korea

Commons Select Committee recommends Civil List of £475,000

Report published of Committee enquiring into conditions at Broadmoor

Tuesday, July 1

Senior British officer to be Deputy Chief of Staff at U.N. headquarters in Korea

Commons debate Korea

Heat wave continues: temperatures over 90°



H.M. the Queen, who has been on her first official visit to Scotland since her accession, watching a march-past of naval cadets in Edinburgh on June 29



Mr. Dean Acheson, U.S. Foreign Minister (left) and Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the head of the procession to the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, on June 25, when seven distinguished people received honorary doctorates. Other recipients included Sir Oliver Franks, Mr. Somerset Maugham and Professor Sir Charles Webster



L. Hoad (nearer camera) and K. Rosewall of Australia in play at Wimbledon on Saturday against G. Mulloy and R. Savitt of U.S.A. The Australians, both aged seventeen, won



Mr. Eden, Mr. Acheson, London for discussion



The flame which lit the Helsinki on July 1, 1952



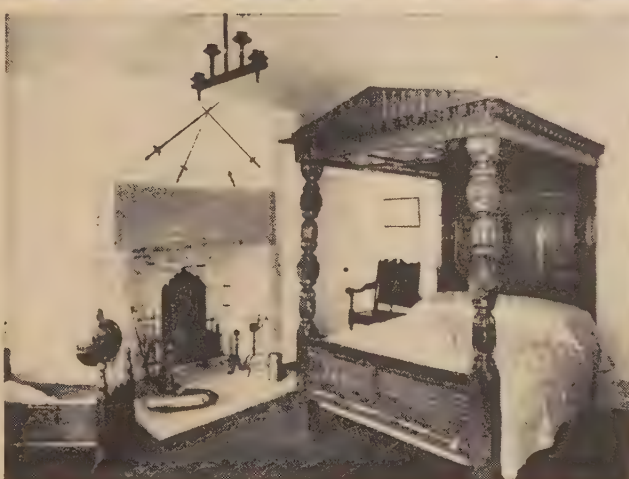
Brilliant sunshine and a photo of a photo



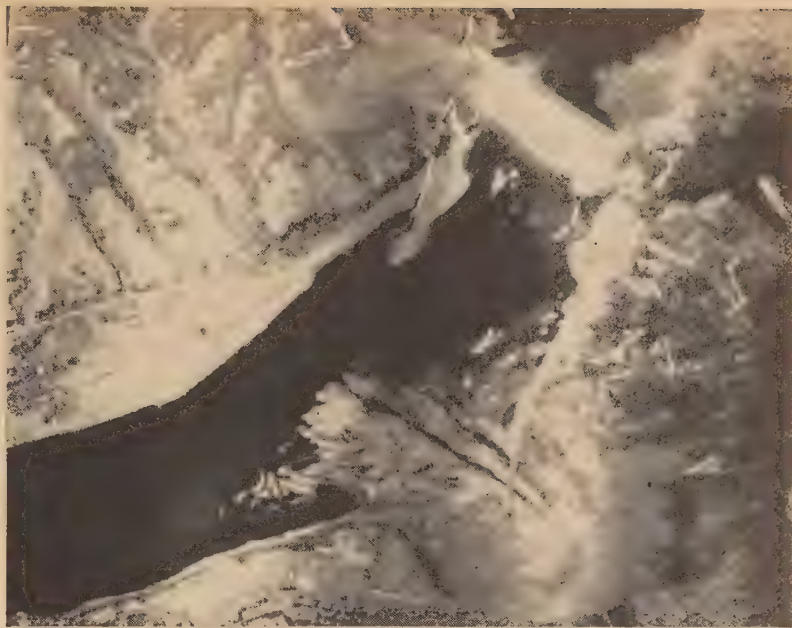
...y, and M. Schuman, who last week met in ...
...as lit at the Greek village of Olympia on ...
...relay runner is seen kindling his torch



...urn during the Olympic Games opening at ...
...as lit at the Greek village of Olympia on ...
...relay runner is seen kindling his torch



On June 25 Turton Tower, near Bolton, Lancashire, was opened as a Folk Museum. The oldest part of the building dates from the thirteenth century. This photograph shows the Bradshaw Room with its sixteenth-century oak tester (or canopied) bed; hanging by its head is a 'pillow' sword



Smoke rising after the bombing raid made on June 23 by United Nations aircraft on power plants along the Yalu River, N. Korea. Top right is the Suiha plant, the largest in Korea



The London Zoo's new baby sea lion with his mother. 'Buddy' is three weeks old



...ures in the eighties sent thousands of people to the coast last weekend: ...
...taken on the beach at Littlehampton, Sussex, on Sunday



America's new liner, the 53,500-ton 'United States' (due to start her maiden voyage across the Atlantic today) arriving in New York harbour last week after her trials

(continued from page 19)

the engineering industries may turn out to be all too easy. The Budget is aimed at a nice balance of overseas trade. Its leniency is derived from a restrained pessimism about world conditions on the part of the Chancellor. If his pessimism turns out to have been too restrained, it means that we shall not get the exports on which he was relying and he will not get his nice balance.

That brings me to wonder whether the Government is not taking much too passive a line about overseas markets for our goods. We have to face not only the position as it exists at present, but the much worse position which would arise, if there was a recession in the United States as a result of over-production of capital goods, combined with an eventual levelling out of rearmament expenditure. With Germany and Japan rapidly getting into their stride as formidable competitors, it would be extremely awkward for us if there was a serious fall in America's imports. It is not only America's imports from Britain which matter to us. More important are her imports from our customers all over the world, whose ability to buy from us is related to how much they sell to America and at what prices.

The preservation of world trade already depends on the existence of reciprocal trading relationships such as those inherent in the western European group and in the sterling area. Such relationships need to be strengthened. But the tendency seems to be all the other way. Europe, it is true, enjoys the ministrations of something like four central co-ordinating bodies. Perhaps one would be better. But even four is better than none. There is no central co-ordinating body available for the sterling area and the British Commonwealth. So the conference of Commonwealth Finance Ministers held in January did not even consider the cuts on imports from Britain which Australia had to impose a few weeks later. The Australian Prime Minister, during his recent visit to London, displayed constructive sympathy, but however necessary these cuts were, one still asks oneself how soon they will be relaxed and how much. Some people talk as though our exports to sterling area countries do not matter in terms of gold and dollar reserves. That is no longer at all true of our exports to Australia, and to some of the

other sterling area countries, which will have run their sterling balances down to rock-bottom, and, by buying goods from the United Kingdom, necessarily and to the same extent will be constricting the means which they have available for buying goods from elsewhere. If they buy less goods from elsewhere because they buy more from Britain, the drain on our gold and dollar reserves will be reduced. Sentiment will continue to count heavily, particularly if it is realised that discrimination in favour of British goods—and especially in favour of the consumer goods which we can now easily supply—is the best way for Commonwealth countries to take a share of the heavy burden of rearmament. Less sentimental considerations should count too, including the value to sterling area suppliers of our unrestricted home market. There is also the free movement of capital from Britain to other sterling area countries. Although there will be some return in the years to come on capital invested overseas, this in general will be small compared with the return to be secured from improvements in our home industries, and in any case is an inadequate compensation for the immediate burden on our balance of payments.

What the Commonwealth Finance Ministers did apparently discuss is convertibility of sterling as an ultimate goal, and this has led to much subsequent discussion. What these discussions mean it is hard to say, but the extraordinary idea seems to be getting about that this is a good moment for considering less discriminatory trade and currency arrangements. Nothing could be more misleading and more perverse than talk of this kind. What we should be doing is what so often has been done before, and not unsuccessfully—to get it recognised that the dollar countries cannot expect the non-dollar world to be able to take from them more than the equivalent of what the dollar countries import, lend, and give away; and that if, as a result of the formation of discriminatory trading groups, the rest of the world buy more, say, motor-cars from one another and less from the United States, that may be the only way of maintaining their purchases of American tobacco and cotton. This will secure a larger volume of world trade than would survive under a *saufve qui peut* regime of non-discriminatory and indiscriminate mutual cutting down of one another's exports.—*Third Programme*

The Nature of Scientific Theory—III

The Scientist as Surveyor

By STEPHEN TOULMIN

MY two previous talks in this series have been chiefly critical. I have aimed to show why the accounts logicians give of scientific method have so often been unrealistic; and how it is that they have come to be preoccupied with problems the working scientist never finds himself up against at all. This, I suggested, is the result of treating scientific theories as though they were conclusions which the scientist infers from the phenomena he observes in accordance with a standard logical pattern. In fact, I argued, one can draw scientific conclusions from phenomena only if one already has some sort of a theory in terms of which to do so. Once this first mistake has been made, what follows is understandable. There is only one pigeon-hole in the sorting-office of elementary logic into which scientific theories can plausibly be put; one must think of them as assemblages of generalisations. Making discoveries then becomes hitting on safe generalisations, and all the difficulties associated with the word 'induction' follow unavoidably. But are scientists generalisers? This is what I have been denying. Only at the natural history level and at the level of pure observation do generalisations play any important part in science.

The question therefore arises: if it is a mistake to think of the theoretical sciences on the model of natural history, in what terms are we entitled to think of them? As a counsel of purism one might reply, 'Do not ask for any model: consider each example on its merits'. But this is dangerous counsel. If we allow ourselves no general ideas about the nature of scientific theory, but confine ourselves to the examination of individual scientific theories, we are still open to the old problems, the conundrums about induction which have teased logicians for so long. Old and bad analogies are most quickly dispelled by newer and better ones; and in this talk I shall suggest a new model for thinking about scientific theories. This will be confessedly an

analogy, but it is the better for not pretending to be more: its purpose will be served if it helps us to see how the scientist manages to remain so completely unaware of the pitfalls that worry the logician.

As an introduction, let me follow up a little further the differences I spoke about in my last talk, between natural history and natural philosophy, between the keen-eyed observer and the keen-minded theorist. What does this distinction amount to in practice, and why is it so important for logic?

Perhaps this can be seen most clearly where the same man plays both parts. Charles Darwin is a case in point. There have been few finer naturalists, few men with a keener eye for the world around them; the records of his voyages are in the first rank of their kind. Yet it would not be extravagant to say that, even if every single observation he made in the course of his life, and every single explanation he gave of the phenomena he studied turned out to have been mistaken, he would nevertheless remain the giant he is. His greatness as the founder of evolution theory would be untouched; for it rests not on the facts he observed, nor on the particular explanations he offered of them, but on the questions he discovered.

Why do I speak of Darwin as discovering questions? Let me put my answer this way. So long as a science remains in its preliminary stages, the natural history model does not fit too badly; there is nothing to be done except to keep a note of what always happens or often happens under given circumstances within its field of study. The result is a mass of generalisations, without any intelligible connection. Now this is not a state of affairs the scientist can accept. Such a science is a science without a theory, a field in which our knowledge is only a jumble. Yet this is the state a great part of biology was in when Darwin began his work. Zoologists, botanists and palaeontologists were up to their ears in facts; they knew what a variety of creatures populated,

and had, in earlier days, populated, the earth; but they could not put these facts together in any way that made sense. They had no theory; and more, they did not even see what questions to ask as a step towards a theory.

What is wanted in such a situation is a new view of the old scene, a new angle from which the facts can be seen as a pattern instead of as a jumble. This Darwin provided. He saw how slight genetical variations between individual creatures of a given kind might give those individuals an advantage over their fellows: give them, that is, a better chance of surviving and reproducing their kind. This led him to look at the old phenomena, which had been so puzzling for so long, with new questions in mind; and it is these questions that are his great legacy to science. The thing to ask was why the sorts of creatures we now find—giraffes with long necks, ducks with webbed feet and so on—should have avoided extinction in the competition for the means of life. What gave them 'survival value'? Why had they succeeded better in this respect than their extinct fellows? Once he began asking these questions, things began to make sense which before had been mysterious, and the vast heap of knowledge about the facts of the case began to take on a reasonable and intelligible shape.

An Eye for the Right Questions

It is an eye for the right questions, which, in any field, is the mark of the great theorist. Freud is another instance. Though all the details of his theories fall by the wayside, he will remain the first man to have asked at all systematically the fruitful questions about dreams, obsessions and the rest. For he was the man who turned from the question, 'What is the cause of this?' and started asking instead 'What is the purpose, the unspoken motive behind these symptoms?'

People sometimes say, 'Evolution is not proved', or 'Freud's theories have no real basis'. When you ask them why they say this, they point out that the known facts do not entail either theory, that it is not a self-contradiction to accept the facts and reject the theory, which they proceed to do. This is when it is important to remember what kind of thing a theory is; for no theory could throw a new light on the facts in the way Darwin's and Freud's theories do, and still be entailed by them. Of course one cannot do for these theories what the geometer can do for Pythagoras' theorem: that is precisely the difference between a theorem and a theory. Still, proved they both are, in the only sense of proof one can have any reason to ask for. In terms of their theories one can make sense of great ranges of phenomena which otherwise remain disconnected and unintelligible; and if anyone is seriously going to question them now, it is up to him to produce as good a picture of the zoological and psychological phenomena as Darwin and Freud have done.

The picture is the thing: or perhaps it would be nearer the mark to say the map. A theory is valued primarily, not for the extra facts it tells us about our field of study, but for the way it connects up the facts we already know. In terms of the theory, the experimenter's mass of disconnected observations are fitted together in an orderly manner, rather as the surveyor's notebooks, full of separate readings, are converted by the cartographer into a tidy, connected map. This analogy is worth following up. The logical problems facing the scientist when he formulates a theory resemble in unexpected ways those the cartographer has to deal with. So I suggest that, for a change, we try thinking of scientific theories on this model: not as made up of generalisations from which we deduce particular facts about the phenomena, but rather as providing us with maps from which we read them off.

An elementary example will bring out the force of the analogy. Light and shade, shadows and eclipses, nightfall, rainbows, reflections and mirages: so long as we lack anything in the way of an optical theory, all these remain disconnected things, to be observed and generalised about, but not explained. Now suppose we introduce the physicist's conception of light as radiation, that is, as something travelling in straight lines from a lamp or the sun to the objects lit up. At once the situation is changed: in terms of this new conception we have a way of piecing together all these things with which, separately, we had so long been familiar. But notice how this piecing together is done. It is done by employing in all these cases a standard technique of explanation: we draw an actual diagram of the configuration of bodies concerned, mark on this diagram the paths followed by the radiation—that is, the light-rays—and check by these means that, the bodies being arranged as they are, one must expect, for example, the shadow of a wall to be the depth we actually find it.

The student, who is introduced to geometrical optics, does not merely learn the words of the principle that light travels in straight lines: such a principle is not self-explanatory. He can come to understand it only in the course of learning to apply it: learning, that is, to use ray-diagrams and trigonometrical formulae and the like to explain the observed phenomena. And if the principle keeps its place in optics, that is because there is a very wide range of circumstances in which these techniques of explanation can successfully be employed. Ray-diagrams, dynamical equations and so on, these are the mainsprings of scientific theories. The logician's question must therefore be: how are these things connected with the phenomena they are used to explain? And my suggestion is that, for a start, we can do worse than think of them as mapping these phenomena, representing them in the sort of way a map does the stretch of country of which it is a map.

We can see now in another way why it is so misleading to treat scientific discovery as a variety of inference-drawing. For it is one thing to collect optical observations, to measure the depth of shadows, the rate at which they change position and the like. But it is something quite else to recognise that all these phenomena can be accounted for by appeal to a single theory, by drawing certain types of ray-diagram or by using familiar mathematical formulae. This is something which is not to be inferred from the readings, but represents a genuine discovery. A fruitful technique of explanation has to be discovered in the way any fresh technique has to be discovered. Only a man familiar with the phenomena could hit on it, but it is not done by arguing from the phenomena in accordance with set rules, deductive or inductive.

'If a theory is not obtained from the phenomena it explains, by either deduction or induction', you may ask, 'how then is it connected with them?' One might equally ask how the cartographer's map is connected with the surveyor's readings. Certainly it is not produced by syllogising from them, nor by anything resembling logic-book induction: neither of the sorts of connection the logician underwrites is to be found in this case. Maps being what they are, indeed, there is something bizarre about speaking in this way at all, as though the readings were 'premises' and the map a 'conclusion'. Yet, though the logician may frown, nobody else thinks that this fact makes maps a penny the worse. Knowing how a map is produced, we have all the confidence we need in its reliability. The techniques by which maps are made are tried and sound. We know their limitations, and within these we can trust them. It would not make matters any better to be told by a philosopher that there was a strict deductive connection between maps and the world *really*: that this was ensured by some 'Metaphysical Principle of Cartographical Validity'. The connection is good enough as it is, without any mysterious extra seal of merit.

It is the same in the sciences. There may be no connection of a typically logical kind between a theory and the phenomena it explains, but this in no way represents a defect. In optics diagrams are drawn of light-rays or wave-fronts, in dynamics the equations of motion of a system of bodies are written down, in quantum mechanics the so-called eigen-equations of an atom are set up: in each case, the resulting diagrams or equations map the physical behaviour of the systems they represent, and for the logician's purposes they are in the same boat as maps. Neither they, nor the principles in accordance with which they are produced, can be thought of as inferred from the experimenter's observations. But again this leaves them none the worse; and the reasons are the same as before. The connection between map and readings, or between ray-diagram and observations, may not be a logical connection, as logicians themselves restrict the phrase. All the same, it is as definite and secure a connection as one need ask for.

How Can We Trust a Map?

Let me recall next something we noticed earlier: the strange contrast between the logician's theory, according to which scientific observations should be repeated many times, and the scientist's practice, of checking no reading more than perhaps half-a-dozen times or so. Notice that a similar difficulty might arise about maps. One might wonder, for instance, how it was possible ever to produce a map at all. For there is an unlimited number of different distances and directions to be read off from a map even of a small area; to tread every inch and measure all these would take an unlimited length of time; and if the surveyor has not measured all the things we read off the map, how can we trust the things the map tells us?

In this case, the answer is clear enough. It is, of course, part of the surveyor's art to be able to judge just how many readings he needs take before he can produce a reliable map. And it is a fact that, from

a limited number of extremely precise and well-chosen measurements, one can construct a map off which it is possible to read an unlimited number of geographical facts to nearly the same order of accuracy. In its way this fact is a marvel, and upon it the practicability of mapping depends. But it is, so to speak, a particular marvel and not a general one. No principle of cartographical uniformity or anything like that is called for to explain it. Only in some regions can the techniques of cartography be implicitly relied on. We all know how easy it is to be misled by maps when the country is sufficiently irregular; and the more mountainous the country, the more discretion is needed on the part both of those who produce and of those who use maps.

Something of the same sort is to be found in the sciences. There again many systems of bodies have been found whose behaviour can be simply mapped. Having made a careful but finite study of these systems, one is in a position to formulate a theory with the help of which can be drawn, in appropriate circumstances, an unlimited number of inferences about other similar systems. This fact, too, is in its way a marvel, but not a general marvel. Different systems will behave in quite different ways; and how many readings will need to be taken before the scientist can produce a theory in which he has any real confidence is something he must be able to judge in the particular case. Furthermore, it is only when such a system has been recognised that the planning of an experiment can begin. The naturalist may feel bound to study all the different sorts of living creatures there are, but the research scientist has no time to waste on any but the most carefully-selected systems of objects.

As time goes on, it becomes a more and more complicated business constructing and isolating systems of bodies in which we can study, in a pure form, phenomena we do not yet understand. Until this is done, the mere multiplication of observations is fruitless, for the results will be uninterpretable. Once it has been done, the scientist's problems are not like those of the naturalist, as they would be if his sole aim were to generalise about 'all rocks' or 'all flames'. His problems are rather like the surveyor's, and to pile up observations simply for the sake of their number would be as much a waste of time and energy in science as it is in cartography. Let the logician demand that all readings be repeated five hundred times 'for safety's sake': the surveyor and the

scientist will reply with one voice, 'What is the point? We have been over that ground already'.

This is only the beginning of a long story. I have not the time to explore all the virtues and weaknesses of the cartographical model. In my final talk, I want instead to use this analogy to throw some light on a celebrated dispute, the dispute between Eddington and his fellow physicists over the question of how much the theorist himself contributed to the structure of his theories. For the moment, let me say a word about the limitations of the model. This is, after all, an analogy, and it is as well to be clear at what points we must be on our guard.

In one important respect the task facing the cartographer when he sets about producing a map is simpler than that of the scientist in search of a theory. He knows the shape of the earth; he knows the shape of his page; and he can work out beforehand how best to represent the region of the earth he is interested in on that page. In science, by contrast, one cannot generally calculate beforehand what techniques of explanation will best serve one's purposes in a given field of study. Scientific laws, laws of nature, as we rightly feel, have to be discovered in a way that the cartographer's laws of projection do not.

But one can imagine things being different. Suppose the figure of the earth were wholly irregular: that would introduce quite a lot of complications into cartography; the mapping of different parts of the earth, for instance, would call for different methods of projection. Suppose also that the figure were not known in advance to the cartographer, and that he had to puzzle it out as he went along. Then there would be no question of calculating in advance what method of projection would be required in order to produce a map of a given kind. The cartographer would have to proceed empirically: he could not compute, he could only discover, what sort of projection would fit best a given part of the earth's surface. If this were the case, the chief weaknesses of my model would be absent. As things are, the analogy is not perfect. But this means only that the scientist who produces a theory is not like the fortunate cartographer of today, who can work out what to do beforehand. He is more like the cartographer as he might have been, forced always to discover as he goes along the best way of mapping the region before him.

—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Civilisation in Africa

Sir,—Miss Huxley's otherwise excellent letter on Central African Federation (THE LISTENER, June 26) is marred by one statement which appears to me to give a complete reversal of the facts. She writes:

In fact the Southern Rhodesian delegates would appear to have repudiated altogether the *apartheid* and the Malanist doctrine. They have agreed to equal representation with Africans on this Board, and to the direct election of African members (not Europeans representing Africans) to the Central Assembly. Surely this is a notable victory for the champions of racial equality and should be writ large on the credit side of these proposals.

Miss Huxley is surely aware that *thirty years ago* Southern Rhodesia did something still rather unique in Africa; she adopted the principle and the practice of the common voter's roll, on which African and European in Rhodesia take their place in complete equality and with the right to stand for election to parliament. In view of the fact that sixty years ago the Africans in Rhodesia did not even have the art of writing, it will obviously be some time yet before an African member of parliament makes his appearance, but he has the *right* to appear now. Southern Rhodesia's unequal programme of medical, educational, and agricultural development for the African is designed to equip him in the shortest possible time to benefit from the equal franchise.

To write as though the more 'enlightened' Northern Territories had had to overcome the reluctance of a reactionary Southern Rhodesia is completely to falsify the picture. Thirty years ago Southern Rhodesia reached a point of political development which the Northern Territories have not reached yet.—Yours, etc.,

Innerleithen

W. P. G. ANDERSON

Impressions of American Education

Sir,—As an American exchange teacher who has been in London for the year, I am grateful to the B.B.C. for Sir Richard Livingstone's talk on American education on June 20. I believe that he was about seventy-five per cent. right: and the other twenty-five per cent.?

I disagree with Sir Richard when he says that English schools can learn nothing from the American high school system. The grammar schools can benefit, as the Swedes are benefiting, from the conception of a broader, more socially realistic curriculum. If I were an English educator, I would be disturbed by the fact that so many English children (already *selected*, mind you) leave the grammar school at the age of fifteen or sixteen. Could this mean that a grammar school education is rather commonly thought to be useless except as a preparation for the university? It is true that American boys and girls waste much time in high school, but this is not a fault inherent in the system. Many, if not most, United States high schools,

by the way, do make provision for differences in mental capacities and cultural backgrounds by streaming into A, B, and C.

In England only the better and the best go to the universities. In the United States, universities attempt to educate the mediocre as well as the better and the best. If one looks only at the mediocre (who can get through on low grades, I admit), he might conclude that American universities are something less than truly educational institutions. On the other hand, if one considers the achievements of the better and the best, he must concede that no important American university need bow to London, Oxford, or Cambridge.

Is the United States really inferior to Britain in its development of scholars in the humanities and in the sciences? Is she producing worse doctors, dentists, engineers, writers, statesmen? Maybe statesmen.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.21

WOODROW OHLSEN

Canada Strikes It Rich

Sir,—The talk by Mr. Blair Fraser on 'Canada Strikes It Rich', published in THE LISTENER on June 12, has one statement which presumably the author is not aware is somewhat misleading. He states that the Canadian share of the development of Canadian oil fields is certainly no more than ten to twenty per cent. and that: 'There are good reasons for this: Canadians had no experience in oil prospecting . . .'

If he refers to a little book published by the Shell Oil Co. of Canada, Ltd., he will find that Canadian oil drillers were largely instrumental in pioneering the development of the Galician oil fields in Europe, and in Russia as well as those in Austria and Rumania, while they also pioneered the drilling in the U.S.A., Mexico, South and Central America, West Indies, Egypt, East Africa, Persia, India, Burma, Borneo, Java and the Antipodes. So the experienced men were available, although not used as they might have been in Canada.—Yours, etc.,
Monkseaton J. GORDON PEIRSON

The Plight of Paris

Sir,—What is the purpose behind Mr. Sylvester's sad article (THE LISTENER, June 26) on the plight of Paris? If he is supposed to be reviewing the fabulous Pre-Columbian and Mexican Art Exhibition, the great Italian Art Exhibition, the *L'Oeuvre du Vingtième Siècle* Exhibition of modern paintings and sculpture, the large Monet retrospective or the large 'Five Centuries of Still Life' exhibition, he scarcely succeeds. They are all disposed of in his opening paragraph in a somewhat acid manner. This is disappointing to those of us anxious to hear about these great events. Mr. Sylvester then laments the dearth of contemporary artists, unhampered by great reputations, that might be worth writing about and indicates that there are a dozen, or perhaps two dozen, such artists between the ages of twenty and fifty working in Paris.

This is splendid news, but Mr. Sylvester does not say much about them, or even who they are; presumably this is because only some of them are 'tackling the larger problems of their art—notably those of realism'. But their larger problems are surely the larger problems of all artists everywhere: namely, how to exist; and over and above that and everything else, how to produce great works of art. Why should they be bound by 'Realism'? This seems to me to be a case of extremely personal bias in Mr. Sylvester. The function of a critic is to indicate the degree of success or failure or actual accomplishment: not to impose limitations on artists or to discover some vague and arbitrary trend in contemporary painting, to the detriment of all those whose work does not fit into it. We must not try to fit artists into 'trends': that is for the art historian.

The decline in painting in Paris is due to two simple causes. First, Paris has been the centre for many years for certain artists whose work has had a paralysing impact upon the younger generation; second, the fact that *all* artists, in *all* countries, now need time to digest not only their influence but to re-examine the flood of knowledge of the arts of the entire world, in all periods of history, which has only recently been unleashed upon them.

If Mr. Sylvester were to say that the future of painting is not of necessity limited by the discoveries of abstract art during the past forty years, I should agree with him. For obviously painting in the future is going to be enriched by it, and certainly strengthened. We should all like to see a great humanist painter emerge soon, and if his humanist preoccupations were strengthened by a formal sense equivalent to Brancusi, Moore, or Nicholson, so much the better. Nobody seems to be able to unite the two aesthetics. But someone will, eventually, and we shall not think any less of Brancusi or Moore or Nicholson, for they will then have fulfilled, in a double sense, their role in history. Moore, of course, is also intensely humanist in his finest work.

Mr. Sylvester's remarks about the great city of Paris are unperceptive, unimaginative and altogether deplorable. Paris exists for more than

tourists; it is only these bemused spectators that ever imagine otherwise. It is nonsense to say that there is no rhythm in Parisian life that is independent of them: anyone who lives in Paris for a long time and makes genuine contact with French people of all kinds in their homes knows about the other rhythm. The imagination can still breathe there; wonderful things are still to be seen; and I am embarrassed to find such foolish and ungrateful views as Mr. Sylvester's published in this country.—Yours, etc.,
Whitechapel BRYAN ROBERTSON
Art Gallery, E.1 Director.

Round the London Art Galleries

Sir,—I accept Mr. Dunlop's correction. It was ridiculous to say that the Impressionists never let their hearts influence them. One makes such generalisations in the hope that they will be recognised by the reader as technically false but essentially true. Cézanne's 'Monet is only an eye' is an even more sweeping generalisation than mine. No artist can dispense with what is metaphorically known as his heart, though the Impressionists did make the attempt and did partially succeed. But Mr. Dunlop's argument puzzles me. Surely plenty of men (scientists in particular) 'who worked in the face of nature constantly and humbly, and who were not gain-said by poverty or abuse' would be scandalised, if they were told that their hearts had influenced them.

I do not, on the other hand, accept Mr. Giardelli's correction about Ivon Hitchens. If Mr. Hitchens says that 'Colour is space and space is colour' (would Mr. Dunlop agree to that?), I can only reply that this generalisation, too, may be essentially true though factually false, but that my concern is not with Mr. Hitchens' theory but with its application in specific cases. And I do find his more recent pictures lacking in a sense of space.—Yours, etc.,
London, W.C.1 ERIC NEWTON

Samuel Butler in the Antipodes

Sir,—When I was preparing my talk on 'Samuel Butler in the Antipodes' for the Third Programme, I came upon a fact which, I think, deserves placing on record, although, as it is of largely antiquarian interest, I decided not to refer to it in my script.

Before Butler fixed on the site of his permanent homestead on a terrace overlooking the Rangitata, he spent some months living at another spot some miles away in order to discover whether the climate was mild enough in winter for sheep to be able to survive. This was on the banks of the stream known as Forest Creek. Here he acquired the freehold of an area of twenty acres on which he built himself a hut. This land was just outside the boundaries of Mesopotamia station, as they were finally settled, and was surrounded by a leasehold area which formed part of the sheep-run of his neighbour, J. B. Acland. In 1862 Butler offered to sell it to Acland for £40, but the latter, having nothing to gain from the purchase, apparently declined. When Mesopotamia was sold in 1864, the twenty-acre lot was not included.

During my visit to Mesopotamia, I found that it was commonly believed locally that the land was still registered in Butler's name. Such has actually proved to be the case. My friend, Mr. C. R. Straubel, of Christchurch, has inspected the relevant certificates of title in the Deeds Office. These show the original Crown Grant to Butler dated June 28, 1860, and a much more recent certificate of title issued when the present land transfer registration system was established. The latter reads:

This certificate, dated the twentyseventh day of August nineteen twenty-eight, under the hand of the District Land Registrar of the Land Registration District of Canterbury witnesseth that

Samuel Butler, of Forest Creek, runholder is seized of an estate in fee simple . . . of that parcel of land containing twenty acres or thereabouts, situated in block VII of the Fox survey district, being rural section No. 2591.

At that time Butler had, of course, been dead twenty-six years and gone from New Zealand sixty-four years. The land is of little value and without road access of any sort. That would seem to explain why no action has ever been taken, even by the Geraldine County Council, which cannot have received any rates these many years from 'Samuel Butler, runholder'.

Yours, etc.,
J. W. DAVIDSON
Australian National University,
Canberra

The Aura of the Victorian Vicarage

Sir,—Mr. Graham Hough may have his views on Samuel Butler, which he is not only entitled to express, but justified in expressing. But when he talks of the 'thinker' as a nineteenth-century phenomenon, he seems to go astray. Aristotle, Plato, Dante, Hobbes, Locke and, to jump into the present century, Wells and Shaw were also thinkers. Mr. Hough seems to imply some respect for the expert, which we do not all share, partly because experts all differ; partly because they run, it seems to some of us, on tram lines in blinkers; partly because they have not made this world a happy place, for all their expert formulae. Were Ruskin's *Economics*, after all, any more misguided than those of many trained economists, in the event? Mr. Hough, in summing up the thinker, should, one feels, have paid some attention to the classic ideal of the 'whole man'!

Yours, etc.,
Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2 GEORGE EDINGER

Britain's Food

(continued from page 7)

Now look for a moment at the sugar position. Four-fifths of our sugar comes from overseas and the biggest amount comes from Cuba, which wants to be paid in dollars. There is an unsaleable surplus of sugar in Cuba, and they are even talking of restricting production. We could have that surplus sugar if we produced what they want. Some people think we could get additional food from behind the Iron Curtain. I believe that to be a dangerous delusion. Agricultural production in the Russian world is estimated to have increased by only nine per cent. since 1940, and the population must have grown even more. Their standard was always lower than ours and therefore it is reasonable to estimate they have little food to spare.

In this hungry, frightened, and over-populated world there is less food for sale, there are more people wanting to buy it, and we cannot afford to buy even that which is offered. Many things are beyond our control, but we must be able to compete with other countries in world markets. There is no way of evading that. We must get down our cost of production so that the foreigner will buy our goods instead of those of our competitors. It looks as though only a miracle of increased production can save us, but the British people have worked miracles in the past and we can do it again. If, on the other hand, we fail, we shall face that catastrophic fall in our standard of living which Sir Stafford Cripps prophesied might be our fate.—Home Service

Men Who Live among Books

By GORDON CRAIG

There is a smile of love,
And there is a smile of deceit,
And there is a smile of smiles
In which these two smiles meet.

I HAVE always jogged along easily enough with this, the first verse of Blake's song on smiles and frowns, but today I came to a halt as I suddenly thought of Mr. Vannini—Signor Vannini the bookseller. What a strange double smile is his. Why does he smile like that when I am with him? Doubtless I am as funny as others, but since some thirty to forty people come into his shop every day, and since all are funny, and he of habitually melancholy aspects, why, when I appear, should his smile be so doubly strange? It is the smile of smiles in which the two smiles meet, which Signor Vannini gives out when I come in.

Since that smile on Vannini's face haunts me, I want to speak about the faces, smiles, growls, and odd and ghostly ways of the other booksellers in Italy I have come across. I know what it means, that smile. It means what the actors in Elsinore meant—it means mischief. If Mr. Vannini meant to be so eccentric as to try to turn bookselling into a paying business, it then would become indeed a very deadly smile. More: if he meant that, he would not smile at all. He would just be helpful, rather learned, dry, dismal; and we, the bookhunters, would all be cowed, and I, for one, would have no books. Mr. Vannini is a mysterious man, so he does not terrify us when we go in. Being serious too, he smiles that queer smile.

The shop is about twenty to thirty feet, not very high, and is lined, as are all such shops, with books, on most ordinary deal shelves stained a dark brown, not new. A counter, very ordinary, a door with a glass window in it; and since we have come up to the door we must step back, for by it stands a beautiful thing—a young old lady, Madame Vannini, Mamma Vannini. She is, I suppose, in actuality some seventy years old; she stands erect, stands all the time by the door, opens it, curtsies, speaks like Thisbe—is discreet, and is the essence of all that is good breeding. We who come in are guests, visitors to see her son—not quite exactly purchasers. But her son, Mr. Vannini, has smiled his smile and it is up to this that I am leading you. Shall we look at him—the villain? How his eye sparkles in his rather moody face! He is like his mother, perfect in manners; and like his father he sells in the same shop, probably the same old books, at the same old price.

I find this so remarkable and so Italian. The fine Italian is not grasping—the old real idealism lingers with nearly all of them as a matter of course. When I meet such men I see how it is that the belief of a third Italy endures, or a fourth Italy, or a fifth: an Italy not founded upon any gimcrack basis of commerce, but using commerce; not becoming commercial at root, but rather founding their nation on the ancient character—distinguished, young, tough, dry, wise, indifferent, and gracious, seeing life in the round, not in the rather too flat round of the franc, the dollar, or the shilling.

The smile on Mr. Vannini's face puzzled me for a while. Now I know that it was first made up of real enjoyment in seeing someone enter with an obviously put-on expression of innocent ignorance about books; and of malicious delight to think how he would or rather could swindle the humbug who has dared to imagine that this look of innocent ignorance was not as familiar to him and his race for centuries as are

the bindings of his own books. Not that Mr. Vannini ever could even wish to swindle me. Once he showed me where I could buy white bread; he took me to the baker's shop. It was at a time when white bread was not given to strangers without a ticket. The minute before he had allowed me to buy from him an eighteenth-century manuscript with nine large drawings in colour for—I will not tell you the sum: I could easily afford it, but I could not afford to tell you.

In the same town lives, or rather lived, another bookseller: Dead Pa. His name was Bottoli. He had a shop eight times the size of Mr. Vannini's full of stationery, and his wife, two daughters—women of twenty-eight to thirty-two—sons-in-law, one son, and two assistants were kept busy selling slate pencils, envelopes, india-rubber and sealing-wax, all day long. Far back in his shop, in a small envelope of glass, sat Dead Pa Bottoli, who is now dead and from whom, while he lived, I bought nothing. Now that he is dead the mariner hath his will—or rather a bit of it, as you shall shortly hear.

For Dead Pa had a mysterious other house at the back somewhere. When I first met him, he took me out to it. I expected to enter a small room of books. I found a four-storeyed house of books, prints, drawings, printing presses and all sorts of things. It was where he and his family lived; it was where he died. 'This is an interesting little thing', he said, handing me a book. The sky was clear, the day was hot, the streets quiet, and he had gone from the stationery annexe and was now in his element.

But this element of his was, alas, tinged with the golden rays of the setting sun, and this interesting item which he drew out of a locked drawer (for he was seated and prepared to give time to the matter and to do big business with the American he took me to be)—this item was a priceless book published in 1690 at Parma, containing the description of a ballet performed before the Duke of Parma. I did not know the reputation or the contents of this work at the time or I would have paid the high price he asked, and, since that day in 1914, I have not seen another copy in any of the twenty-nine bookshops I have entered, nor in any of the catalogues I have looked into.

He then showed me a copy of Paolo Donati's *Teatro Farnese*. He asked me a big sum for it, and asked justly too, for it is a worthy book, and I would have paid the price if I had not bought the same book three hours previously for one-third the price he proposed—from Mr. Vannini who had smiled as he sold it to me. Do you begin to see the smile—and the fine bookseller himself? And so we went on, looking at numbers of good things: I marvelling at his wonders, he wondering at his mistaking me for a rich American . . . or did he still think I was one who would presently close the interview with 'Well—send me the things you have shown me: I am at the Hotel Verdi'?

Anyway, when I next came to Verona I heard of his death. Buying some postcards in the annexe, I asked after the old gentleman. 'He is dead', they said, and went on selling the pencils and the sealing-wax. And I wondered: and I thought how strange that was. 'And the books, can I see them?' 'No, unfortunately they are bundled away upstairs'. Bundled away! And Pa loved his books, knew them, sorted them out daily with such care, priced each one, tempted me with some, and looked for a rich American all the time, that fellow who failed to arrive in time.



'Might I see the books?'

'You may, if we can find the key. Come after lunch and we will have found it'.

All priced, but no eyes left in the family, or rather no hearts to read with—all dark, these dead daughters and sons-in-law of Dead Pa. For alone, upstairs, I came across little collections of prints of all kinds grouped in excellent order, each item pencil-marked on the back, nothing left unlooked at and unmarked. And I thought, 'Shall I tell those folk downstairs that those things were loved by their father sufficiently for him to save them and keep them thus in splendid order?' But then thought I, 'They are not of the same spirit, and I am more of his spirit than they are', and if I can secure and save some of these pretty little plans of theatres, views of towns, head and tail pieces, and get them cheaply, I yet do him as much service as though I drew their attention to their value, for I shall surely take care of them'. And I decided, when I bought them, to put his name (and not theirs) on each item and to enter his name (and not theirs) in my indexed catalogue. And this is how I came to write the *nom de mort* 'Dead Pa'. But I cannot recall his face and I cannot forget Mr. Vannini's.

A Solitary Town Full of Booksellers

I will leave this town now and pass to another: a surprising town; solitary, but full of booksellers. One of these booksellers was a lady called Eva Mantovese, Eva for short: and short she was, a most homely small person, sitting in an icy-cold shop always open to the air and storms and frost; and never, seemingly, aware of the cold. Her face I remember well. She always looked surprised and like a bird. Some 25,000 books were in her three rooms downstairs, and in her corridors and passages leading upstairs. She would allow me the run of the place. What a very kind woman, and quite free from commercialism. In Eva's shop I have spent, I suppose, in all some forty-seven hours; but not forty-seven shillings; and yet in my collection I find forty-eight books marked as coming from her library.

A second shop in this town is kept by a terribly silent man. It is small, there are not 2,000 books there, many piles of old magazines. I never knew his real name. His silence somehow prevented my doing more than look very hard and quietly at his books. And to his silence I in some measure attribute the name I gave him in my catalogues, that of Poorman. I felt his poverty in the awful silence, and he looked poor too; now I recall him, he looked one of the poorest in Italy. It is not usual for booksellers here to be talkative or helpful, unless they be of the Olympian order; and there are only five or six of these in the peninsula. They are all very silent, very helpless—I mean not at all helpful to you. It is almost useless to ask 'Do you happen to have a copy of such-and-such a book?' for the answer surely will be 'No'. Ask for a second, ask for a third, and you soon see that this is true, for the answer is always 'No'. I have often tested this. 'Have you a guide to Lucca . . . an old guide?' 'No', comes the answer pat. I turn to the right and there in front of me is *Guida di Lucca*, 1806. In Italy you are supposed to do the fishing and, like a wise fisherman, to keep quiet. Whether Italian books are really alive and shy like fish, I am not quite sure, but I begin to suspect they may be.

And suppose you ask for no special book; suppose you mention some subject, as I used to do. 'Have you some books on the theatre?' The answer is generally '*Niente*', which means 'Nothing'. And yet English people imagine that all Italians are like those flashing and perky Italian waiters who are always so talkative and chatty and find you everything. Italian waiters are actors, that is all. Italian booksellers cannot bother to act, unless it is to pretend to be rather weary and unhappy. So now I always go in and give an hour to reading the catalogues and the names on the backs of the books—on the spine as they call it. Though these seldom tell me much. As an example of this 'DE/ANF/SCI/MAF' is not quite enough to make one aware that the book deals with the Anfitrati and is by the famous Scipione Maffei.

In the town where Eva and the Poorman preside over their books, are six more interesting bookshops. Farther south is the town where Mad Mario lives. I call him that because his wife, Madame Mario, a stately lady who attends to the selling, commands in the house of Mario, selling the books and cooks, all in one room. He does the book-fishing in the town and comes back with nets or sacks of books, bought by the weight. A very proper way to buy books if you come to consider it. Mario is sometimes in a very bad temper, but that is his misfortune, not his fault; for when the surly fellow smiles, it is delightful. Not picturesque in the operatic sense, merely good: a good, sweet smile. His wife is the best seller of books in Italy. She will

sell me a guide to Naples 1862 for thirty-eight lire, where in any other shop I should have got it for ten or twenty, maybe for less. She has a talent, and is very silent too. Yet when she speaks it is with the surprising result that I always pay her what she asks.

It is of the Gran Mago Merlino I now would speak. His shop is in Trapoli, and this was not his real name, but I want his person to be hidden. When I was wont to go in to get a book (and that was as often as I was depressed) I would find him in his inner room, glowering dully across his desk at me, looking coldly hideous and dangerous. By his side an ill-paid clerk, hunched up like a warm, lean horse, would sit and scribble in a ledger. At that time I was visiting a Magnifico. I do not mention this rare fact entirely for fun, but more in sorrow. He had his palace on the slopes above the city. He and his lady had invited me to Trapoli, saying after a full year's correspondence how much they wanted to see my theatre come into existence, and what wretches other people were, not to establish it for me and for the benefit of mankind, etc. The Magnifico and his lady have come into this talk on booksellers because it was their rash and daring attempts, and respectable failures, which caused me those moments of awful melancholy which had to undergo treatment—i.e., the frequent visits to the bookshop of Il Gran Mago Merlino.

Some there are who, when great melancholy is descending on them, take to the vine, the hop or the barley. I would go to these; but I like something besides chatting in a tipsy way to everybody: and a headache next day; and I like something good to remain over after the treatment if only to prove that I got the best of life, the very best out of the very worst of it. Books do this if valuable enough, if interesting, and if well printed on good paper, and well bound. These one reads. Champagne, on the other hand, makes one talk.

So in my melancholy at Trapoli, I took to the books. Entering at Il Gran Mago Merlino's door—the bell tinkling—I would glide on into the second room, that in which he sat. I turn the covers of the first books I come across, I find they are on the theatre—books for me, in short; and then, after looking at each title, and on closing the last, I would dare to ask, 'Have you by chance any books on the theatre today?'

'None', growls Merlino.

'What a pity', I reply.

We have not yet looked at one another. I open the first book again, and, giving a rather theatrical start, I cry out with muffled surprise, 'Why, deuce take me, if this isn't one'. 'Sold', cries Merlino truculently, at which, to cap his cry, I cry 'Ah!' What a ridiculous performance! That authorises me to be the next one to speak. I have, by my exclamation, nullified his remark. My 'Ah!' sped after his 'Sold' and pierced it dead. So anon I say quietly and with dreary indifference, 'To whom have you sold it, may I ask?'

'To a collector in Paris who buys all my theatrical books', he snarls. 'And this one, for how much?' I coo huskily, as through a fog. 'For eight lire', says he in a hard slow voice; to his own surprise actually answering my question. I say no more. I take out my purse. I take a ten lire piece from a bunch of ten lire pieces; I put the rest away; I place the ten on his desk, and, fixing him with my eye, I say, 'It is better to sell it to me for ten than to another for eight'; and being a man of sense, although fierce, ugly, and a magician, he takes the ten lire, and actually growls 'Thank you'. Thus is my malady cured, and Magnificos forgotten—forgotten by one curiously unable to feel safe with democracy.

Intoxicating Terrors, Delicate Joys

Ere I leave Trapoli I become depressed and heartsore regularly once every other day. For I stayed there six weeks, and so I was twenty-three times driven to Mago Merlino's bookshop with its intoxicating terrors and delicate joys. Twice I was so terribly depressed, I even paid ninety lire for a book; once so utterly woebegone I plunged to 140. This was my magnum, my great carouse. It was too fierce, this grief and joy, while it lasted, but now that it is gone I have something splendid left.

I have spoken of these places as shops—the men in them as booksellers. But when I see some Italian enter one of these places and hear him speak to the gentleman inside, I realise it is not a shop, nor the librarians merely sellers. They are delightful little spots in cities where exceedingly courteous men live among books and allow one now and then to carry some away. Of course, no one could call my old friend Merlino courteous, he is only sinister; but then, one must never forget, he is a magician, and he comes from the east.—*Third Programme*

Samuel Butler—IV

Butler in the Antipodes

By J. W. DAVIDSON

I HAD to steal my own birthright. I stole it, and was bitterly punished. But I saved my soul alive'. Thus, Samuel Butler recorded in one of his carefully considered epigrams an essential element in the making of the mature man. What he gained was not a complete mastery over his fate—he could never be one of his own heroes, a Towneley, or a man such as he had imagined Charles Pauli to be. Personality could develop only within the bounds set by heredity, by the experiences of early years. But the essential dilemma remained—to become a mere slave of these influences, or to use and transform them so as to become a person in one's own right. The attainment of even this control was precarious and involved suffering. It had to be seized by violence.

This realisation came slowly to Butler. At school the discipline of Mr. Gibson at Allesley and of Dr. Kennedy at Shrewsbury was a continuation of what he had known at home. They stood for the same values as Canon Butler. They would understand the propriety of his attitude towards his son. At Cambridge things were better and, like most sensitive young men, he gained a sense of freedom and serenity which had not been there before. As a scholar of St. John's, he read and talked, devoted much time to the piano, and acted as a cox for the Lady Margaret Boat Club.

He concluded an article on a summer tour on the Continent for the college magazine with these words:

Next day came safely home to dear old St. John's, cash in hand 7d. From my window in the cool of the summer twilight I look on the umbrageous chestnuts that droop into the river; Trinity library rears its stately proportions on the left—opposite is the bridge—over that, on the right, the thick dark foliage is blackening almost into sombreness as the night draws on. I say to myself, then, as I sit in my open window, that for a continuance I would rather have this than any scene I have visited during the whole of our most enjoyed tour—and fetch down a Thucydides, for I must go to Shilleto at nine o'clock tomorrow.

In the classical trips he was bracketed twelfth. It was a typical successful undergraduate career.

But his happiness at Cambridge was rooted in confusion. He had not yet learnt that life was for those who would seize it for themselves. Sensitive, imaginative, timid, he had entered the world of aesthetic creativeness, intellectual inquiry, and moral questioning; but he had not broken with the conventional code in which he had been brought up. Only after he had taken his degree and begun to prepare himself for ordination did he realise that he could not carry on. In the crisis which ensued, his relations with his father seemed the basis of all his troubles. (In fact they were the focus of a maladjustment far wider in its ramifications.) After difficult and embittering family discussions, a solution of the practical problem was reached. Samuel should go to Canterbury to be a sheep-farmer, and his father would provide the funds.

'And so',—as he writes—'early in the morning of Saturday, 1st October, 1859, we started on our voyage'. When a young man of

his temperament makes such an abrupt change of scene, the results are bound to go beyond the ostensible objects of the undertaking. As he wrote later of Ernest Pontifex's term in gaol: 'Perhaps the shock of so great a change in his surroundings had accelerated changes in his opinions, just as the cocoons of silkworms, when sent in baskers by rail, hatch before their time through the novelty of heat and jolting'. So it was with himself. During his years in New Zealand he both attained success as a farmer and set the course of his future life.

When he arrived in Canterbury, the settlement had been established ten years. The original plan of a city, dominated by Anglican influence in religion and education, surrounded by closely settled agricultural districts, was far from being realised. Christchurch was a town of some 3,000 people, with wooden buildings, poor roads, and a swampy stream winding through it. The province as a whole had a population of about 10,000 scattered over an area of many thousands of square miles. Freehold agriculture had given place to leasehold sheep-runs which already covered most of the grasslands of the province. None the less, the intended character of the settlement had by no means been wholly lost. Christ's College, the Christchurch Club, the presence of a bishop, all emphasised the interests



Water-colour drawing by Samuel Butler of his cob hut at Mesopotamia, New Zealand: in the Canterbury Public Library, New Zealand

and aims of the leading settlers. As a Wellington man had written a few years earlier: 'The Canterbury emigrants consider themselves rather a select circle, rather uppercrust people. In fact, some say Canterbury is rather silver-forky in character, rather inclined to clip sheep in kid gloves'. Butler could not have chosen a colony where the conversation of the rectory or the college hall would be more widely understood.

Within a few days of his arrival he was busily engaged in studying the prospect before him. He bought a horse, so that he could explore the country; and, after a fortnight, he wrote his father a detailed account of the ways in which his money might be profitably invested. He decided to seek land which he might lease as a run. This was no easy task, for the whole of the plains and a great deal of the hill country had already been taken up. He set out on a series of expeditions which took him into many parts of Canterbury. After his first big trip he wrote home: 'At last I have been really in the extreme back country and positively right up to a glacier. . . . You would have laughed to have seen me . . . You know how bad a horseman I am, and can imagine that I let my companion go first in all the little swampy places and small creeks'. But he learned the facts of a runholder's life—how to kill a sheep, how to burn off the grass and scrub to increase fertility, how to build a cob hut. He found these trips exciting: the rude, healthy life of the pioneers; the scenery of the mountains and the broad treeless plains; the rivers, 'a maze of tangled silver ribbons', as he described them, which were always presenting new problems when it was necessary to ford them. But he never let his excitement obscure his object—to find new sheep country and become a runholder himself.

After about two months the search for land was successful. Butler and a companion had gone south from Christchurch, crossed the difficult Rakaia River, and found their way eventually to the upper waters of the Rangitata. Here, some distance up a tributary on the south bank of the river, they found country which they thought would be suitable. On Butler's return to Christchurch he obtained a lease and prepared to spend the winter on his property to prove whether or not the climate was mild enough for sheep. From the beginning, he built up the station—which he named Mesopotamia—and added fresh areas as opportunity permitted.

A Rugged and Remote Region

It was a rugged and remote region he had chosen. Behind the station rise the mountains, range beyond range. In front lie the shingle flats of the Rangitata and its tributary Forest Creek. Lower down the valley, mountains close in on both banks of the river, so that Mesopotamia seems in a world apart. In summer the snowline recedes far up the mountain-sides, but in winter it is close at hand and often the whole station lies deep in snow. Even now when the Rangitata itself has been bridged the station is sometimes cut off by the rising waters of its tributaries. In Butler's time the maintenance of communications was always a major subject of thought and discussion. Supplies all came up from Christchurch, over 100 miles away, by bullock dray.

In his book, *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement*, Butler describes a journey made from Christchurch to Mesopotamia in October 1860. For the first few days they moved slowly southward across the plains. 'Ten more monotonous miles to the banks of the Rakaia', he records of one day. Almost the only incidents to punctuate this stage of the trip were the river crossings, when he always feared the dray would be upset. Then, at the Ashburton river, they turned inland. From here on, the route became more difficult; and as they got among the mountains, they encountered snowstorms (although it was well into the spring).

At about the same time Butler built his permanent home, on a terrace overlooking the treeless river flats. It was a two-roomed structure of cob (clay mixed with tussock or snow grass), with a thatched roof and a stone chimney at one end. Near it he constructed a second building to serve as a cook-house and sleeping quarters for his men. A curious story is told of his activity as a thatcher. When placing the bundles of snow grass on the roof, he put the top of each bundle outside the bottom one above, so that the rain ran inwards. As one of his successors at Mesopotamia said, this seemed 'extraordinary for so clever a man'. Behind the buildings he made an orchard and garden. In a letter to a neighbour in 1862 he writes of his cherry trees being in bud and of planting vegetable marrows. At the present time, behind the ruins of the house, there is still an abandoned orchard with old fruit trees—cherries, peaches, pears, and plums—and a carpet of wild strawberries, testimony, it would seem, to Butler's efforts.

An interesting account of life on Mesopotamia is given by R. B. Booth, who stayed with Butler both as employee and visitor on a number of occasions. At the end of the first year, he tells us, Butler had built up a flock of about 3,000 sheep; and the picture he gives is of a very efficiently controlled sheeprun. It was only in the evenings, when work was done, that life gained its unusual quality. Then, Booth tells us, 'Butler, Cook (the shepherd), and I would repair to the sitting room and round a glorious fire smoked or read or listened to Butler's piano'. The arrival of that piano in the upper Rangitata had been an event in southern Canterbury. The evenings of Bach and Handel, like the stock of good books, and Butler's easy and enthusiastic conversation, made the hut unique in the Canterbury back-country. J. B. Acland, a neighbour, noted in his diary when visiting Butler that they had sat up talking till three o'clock, and added: 'His views are quite deplorable'. The wife of another neighbour, Mrs. Tripp, later wrote of his visit: 'His was a peculiar nature and full of wild theories. My husband enjoyed talking to him, but I thought his views were upsetting, and we did not like it when he tried to convert our maid to his ideas. He played the piano beautifully and would do so for hours. . . .'

But, if Butler had an influence on the life of his friends, it was small beside the effect that the years at Mesopotamia had on him. Among the Canterbury hills he could read and think, free from the conventional influences which had bound him in England. The many references to his 'deplorable opinions', to his being 'very nearly, if not quite, an infidel', are in themselves evidence of his development. It is shown, too, in letters to England. To Philip Worsley, his cousin, he declared that 'an entire uprooting of all past habits has been accompanied with a hardly less entire change of opinions upon many subjects'. And to

his old friend at Cambridge, W. T. Marriott: '... as for the Trinity I cannot make head or tail of it, and feel inclined to agree with a Negro who was heard in church here the other day repeating the Athanasian creed: "The Father impossible, the Son impossible, and the Holy Ghost impossible. And yet there are not three impossibles, but one impossible"'. Some of his conclusions were given publication in his contributions to the *Christchurch Press*—for example, his letter 'Darwin Among the Machines', which became one of his starting points for the writing of *Erewhon*. Others awaited only the opportunities of his return to England. His studies of the Greek Testament led him to the opinions he published in *The Evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ* . . . in 1865 and later embodied in *The Fair Haven*. Nor is it insignificant that that mature precursor of *The Way of All Flesh*, his picture 'Family Prayers', was painted not long after his return.

Despite all this, of course, the life of a sheep-farmer was uncongenial to Butler. In *Erewhon* he writes: 'Exploring is delightful to look forward to and back upon, but it is not comfortable at the time, unless it be of such a nature as not to deserve the name'. This probably summarises his feeling not only about his own journeys in the Canterbury mountains, but about much of his farming experience as well. Once the novelty had worn off it became irksome. It was amusing to be among toughs and 'good mixers'—to have a bet with his friend Julius Haast, the geologist, as to how many times two of their men would say 'bloody' in ten minutes (the actual score was seventy-two). But Butler found it wearing in the end. When he had asked Acland to find him a man he had added: 'I . . . would like a quiet respectable fellow not given to rowdy and profane habits'. It was the same with the New Zealand landscape. The Canterbury plains were impressive, sweeping treeless to the horizon; the bush, with its wealth of song-birds, had a tropical luxuriance; Mesopotamia had a compelling grandeur. But he had always missed the human element in scenery. He longed for the civilised landscapes of France and Italy. Butler could never quite become a New Zealander.

In any case, he had always said he would give up when he could double his capital. And, with this end in view, he set out for Christchurch in the second half of 1863. He lived there till he left the country nearly a year later, writing for *The Press*, enjoying the companionship of men who shared some, at any rate, of his interests, and beginning his disastrous friendship with Charles Pauli. He turned his original £4,200 into £8,000 and invested it at ten per cent. And so he went home a successful business man, to devote himself to painting.

Butler's New Zealand friends did not forget him. As one of them, Mr. Justice Williams, wrote to Festing Jones: 'I shall never forget the small dark man with the penetrating eyes who took up a run at the back of beyond . . . and was the most fascinating of companions'. And many of them met him again in England. Nor has he been forgotten by later generations, not least perhaps because in Christchurch the Butlerian protest still has an air of modernity. On the day on which I myself visited Mesopotamia, June 5 this year, a bronze plaque was placed in position to mark the site of his cottage. Eighteen months earlier, two lectures were given in Christchurch on 'Samuel Butler and the Authoress of the Odyssey' and excerpts from *Ulysses* were performed. It was a commemoration planned in a spirit akin to Butler's own, gently satirical, against a background of the high Victorian seriousness of the Canterbury centenary.

Vivid Memory of New Zealand

Nor did Butler himself forget New Zealand. His descriptions of the country in *Erewhon* and *Erewhon Revisited* are the most notable proofs of his vivid memory of the New Zealand years. But they are not the only ones. He corresponded with some of his friends; he sent a picture to an exhibition held in 1870 to mark the opening of the Canterbury museum; he gave copies of his books to Christchurch libraries. A few months before he died he wrote to a young man who was contributing to the *Christchurch Press*: 'Alas! It is not only more than thirty years since the embryo of *Erewhon* appeared in *The Press* but close on forty! What a great gap of time yawns between now and then!'

But perhaps it is not surprising that his feelings towards New Zealand remained so warm. In words that he used about Ernest Pontifex, the New Zealand years had interposed 'a great chasm . . . between his past and future'. On the far side he could still see his adversaries of the past—his father, his sisters, and the rest. They were still there to trouble him, and he could not keep his eyes off them. But they could not leap across and strangle him. He could lead his own life.

—Third Programme

Art

The Venice Biennale

By ROBERT MELVILLE

VENICE is kind to the critic who makes the Biennale an excuse for visiting her. She does half his work for him; her golden light makes its own disinterested selection from the vast miscellany of contemporary works of art which has been assembled in the Giardini for another international exhibition. It caresses without flattery. It brings out the abstract and painterly virtues of a picture, but is pitiless to that empty geometrical Esperanto whose chatter of primary colours and elementary shapes establishes a false camaraderie between so many of the exhibiting nations. Unlike the committees which award the prizes, it has no prejudice against northern modes of beholding the world, and a good expressionist has nothing to fear. The clumsy and brutal figures of the Belgian expressionist Permeke, for instance, are not even questioned, because they instigate massive collisions of burnt sienna and creamy white which have the inevitability of gathering storm-clouds.

The German pavilion has kept the light at bay, and there, in a kind of cold northern dusk, one's anxieties return. Are the Nolde and the Kirchners and Heckel's 'Bathers' as fine as they appear to be? Nolde's 'Spring in Buchenwald' may well be the loveliest picture in the Biennale, but like women who take bits of cloth to the doors of shops, one would need to examine it at the entrance before making up one's mind.

There is no need to take the Sutherlands to the door. The British pavilion, where a Sutherland retrospective occupies the main rooms, is built on a rise, and is more exposed to the light than any other building in the Giardini. Some of the work we have exhibited in the past has not survived this exposure, but the Sutherlands have never looked more at their ease. The thorns, the palms, the vines, the grass-hoppers and the monumental root-forms are suddenly calm and resplendent, and compose a hymn to nature which is filled with the warmest understanding and faith. We have not had the opportunity of seeing Sutherland's art in this fullness before, and the experience is overwhelming.

There is a little painting of bottles by Morandi in the imposing entrance hall of the Italian pavilion which is so subtle and retiring that it seems to have the hall to itself. One returns to it again and again without noticing the pictures on either side of it. There is a great deal of experimental painting in this pavilion, experimental in the sense that one hopes something better may follow: it is mostly abstract, but with realist interventions of the 'existential' and 'social' varieties, and all of it, alas, done better in Paris. On second thoughts, though, it seems possible that the enormous historical battlepiece by Guttuso, an attempt by a painter-politician to revive the deadest of dead picture categories, may be of a kind that Paris has not yet tried. It is not a success. It is clearly intended to be realistic, but the uneasy figuration contains too many habitual shapes left over

from the artist's early debt to physical cubism to be plausible, and the arbitrarily symbolic red sky has the unfortunate effect of making the blood of the wounded look equally unreal. One returns to the Zen-like quietism of the Morandi as to a piece of shocking and exhilarating extremism.

The Marini room contains the bronze 'Juggler' of 1946 which is probably his greatest work to date. It is an upright male figure without arms, and with only one foot, which is straining to touch the ground with its toes. The head has fallen forward, and the whole conception could be mistaken for a crucified Christ. Its reticent tenseness contrasts sharply with the recent variations on the horse and rider theme, where there is much fierce neck-craning and tail-raising and violent planting of hooves and stiff, angular falling of riders, as if the sculptor were bent on giving us the organic counterpart of the old futurist engine.

The only other sculptural work of distinction to be found in the Italian pavilion is Mirko's plaster model for a bronze gate, which is already in position at the Fosse Ardeatine, scene of a massacre of partisans by the German army. It is a kind of trellis of thick stems whose heavy, undulating lines of force somehow manage to convey a sense of the painful return of sap.

The realism of the American painter Edward Hopper is on an altogether more decent level than any of the examples of the *genre* to be seen at the Biennale, not excluding the brilliant and loathsome pastiche of mid-Victorian realism by Rebeyrolle in the French pavilion. Hopper is an awkwardly careful painter, he has trouble with the figure, and his ugly use of oil is a very long way from *belle peinture*, yet he can create an atmosphere of disquieting stillness as powerfully as the early Chirico. His mean city streets, his night counters, his empty railway stations and his horrible little white villas which stand lost and lonely on the highways between cities are frightening in their implications. He will take an audit of a city in the wan light of dawn when no one else is about, and stumble as if by accident upon the spiritual bankruptcy of a whole community.

One scarcely knows what to say about the French pavilion. Two years ago, the paintings of Bonnard and Matisse placed it above the battle. This time, a selection of Léger's paintings is far and away the most important aspect of an untidy and overcrowded exhibition. The Légers are all in the familiar late manner which is a soft loosened version of his *style mécanique*. Venice, like Baudelaire, can 'glorify the cult of pictures': we are shown the clean sure application of Léger's paint, his decorative placing of primary colours, his Parisian virtuosity—and then there is nothing else the Venetian light can do but reveal his fatuous proletarian paganism, his modernistic caricaturing of the classical spirit.



'Cynocephale' (1952), by Graham Sutherland: one of the pictures in the British section of the Venice Biennale

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Sudan Question. The Dispute over the Anglo-Egyptian Condominium 1884-1951. By Mekki Abbas.

Faber. 21s.

Great Britain and Egypt 1914-1951
Information Paper No. 19.

Chatham House. 11s. 6d.

READ IN CONJUNCTION these two books give a balanced account of the issues involved in the quarrel between Great Britain and Egypt. Sayyid Mekki Abbas, a Sudanese Arab educated at the Gordon College in Khartoum, and an Oxford graduate, approaches the problems of his country with the scrupulous respect for facts which, in the case of a Chatham House publication, we take for granted, but which is often lacking in the emotional arguments usually heard in disputes about national aspirations.

The quarrel began as long ago as 1884 when official Egypt reluctantly bowed to British policy which required her to abandon a possession she was powerless to defend. With conspicuous lack of realism, without an army and with an empty treasury, her statesmen clung to the belief that the Sudan could somehow be held, and public opinion has never ceased to blame the occupying power for the loss of territories which Egypt had misgoverned for sixty years. The Condominium agreement of 1899, which recognised that certain rights had accrued to Britain by virtue of her share in the reconquest, was opposed from the date of its inception by Egyptian nationalists. Their protests gained in strength as nationalism became a powerful force after the first world war, and the more recent emergence of the Sudanese claim for self-determination was met, in defiance of palpable facts, by the assertion that the dwellers in the Nile valley from Damietta to Refaj are one and the same people. It need hardly be said that no such belief was held by the Turco-Egyptians who ruled the Sudan in the nineteenth century. In its most recent phase the problem of the Sudan has become inextricably linked to the problem of Middle-East defence and the presence of British forces on Egyptian soil, a subject which is outside the scope of Sayyid Mekki's study, but which receives full treatment in the Chatham House publication. The two books are thus complementary.

By her unilateral denunciation of the 1936 Treaty and the proclamation of King Farouk as King of the Sudan, Egypt has taken up a position from which she cannot retreat. Any hope of solving the defence problem within the framework of the North Atlantic Treaty organisation is frustrated by Egyptian intransigence on the permanent unity of the Nile valley under the Egyptian crown. In regard to the Sudan Sayyid Mekki concludes 'that it is extremely difficult, if indeed not impossible, for a student of history to predict the kind of settlement which will be acceptable by all parties and how and when it can be reached'.

The writer of Information Paper No. 19 scores a neat point when he compares the attempt in 1946 to combine the Egyptian and the British theses on the Sudan with the attempt of the Oecumenical Council of Chalcedon in A.D. 451 to reconcile the Orthodox and the Monophysite views on the Incarnation. Egyptian politicians and their supporters speak of Egypt and the Sudan as one country 'indivisible, inseparable' with a conviction which has the strength of religious faith and which

no evidence to the contrary can shake. The real motives—control of the Nile water and the desire to enhance Egyptian power and prestige—are obscured by 'dubious appeals to history and pseudo-anthropological arguments'. It was in this spirit that Nugrashi Pasha told the Security Council that through Egyptian rule the chaos and anarchy which has existed in the Sudan was replaced by order and prosperity, and that Salah al-din Pasha gravely informed the British Ambassador on the authority of eminent anthropologists that four-fifths of the people of the Sudan are Arabs and Moslems speaking the Arabic language. With light-hearted inconsistency the Sudanese, and apparently the Egyptians, are spoken of, in the same paragraph, as members of the Hamitic race which, in various gradations, inhabits all the lands from the Nile Delta to the Southern Sudan.

The introductory chapter of Sayyid Mekki's study provides, without going into great detail, a useful corrective to the pseudo-science of the Egyptian claim. Yet when we turn to his special pleading in favour of the essential unity of the Sudan against the thesis of an inherent incompatibility between the Moslem north and the pagan south, we find him borrowing his ammunition from the Egyptian armoury; and the Caucasian Hamite, much exploited by Egyptian controversialists, once more rears his head. The Sudan government apparently has accepted the thesis of the indivisibility of the Sudan which has become an article of faith with Sudanese politicians, yet many friends of the Sudanese people in the north and in the south will doubt the wisdom of this decision. It is unlikely that the southerners will ever coalesce with the people of the north into a homogeneous Sudanese nation, and there must be misgivings about the ability of the northern politicians (their good intentions are not subject to doubt) to handle the problems of the south with fairness and understanding. It is regrettable, therefore, that legitimate doubts on this score have aroused a suspicion in the minds of the northerners that Britain is pursuing a separatist policy for her own advantage.

Sayyid Mekki Abbas and Chatham House have combined to enlighten the general reader on a series of complex problems, and it is not their fault that no clear solution emerges from their pages. Sayyid Mekki's book is sponsored by Miss Margery Perham, whose preface deserves a special mark of commendation.

Dearest Isa: Robert Browning's letters to Isabella Blagden. Edited by Edward C. McAleer. Nelson. 25s.

Ever a Fighter. By Dallas Kenmare. James Barrie. 9s. 6d.

Of all the great Victorians Browning has been least amenable to revival. Since the early years of the century there is probably no poet of his standing who has had less attention. Both his verse and his thinking are too lax for an age that likes concentration, and we rather suspect him of having an uninteresting mind. It is a little unfair, since he has not been without his influence on the verse of our own time; but the negative impression is there, and one fears that neither of these books will do much to alter it.

Apart from the letters to his wife, those to Isa Blagden should be the best of Browning's

correspondence. After Mrs. Browning's death she remained his closest friend and confidante; a bright, bird-like little woman living in Florence on a small private income and the proceeds of unsuccessful novels, which not even Browning's friendship could pretend were good. It is to her that he confides his hopes and anxieties over his unsatisfactory son Pen; recounts his dinner-parties and holiday journeys, and the coughs, colds and bilious disorders of himself and his numerous friends. There is a good deal of minor scandal, always prefaced by indignant disclaimers of any interest in such tittle-tattle; but there is almost nothing about literature—and very little evidence of any special literary power. There are a few good descriptive flashes, and a couple of brisk critical explosions, on Tennyson and the pre-Raphaelites. But for the most part it is a chronicle of small beer. A selection of this correspondence appeared in 1924. Mr. McAleer has now collected every letter known to exist—most of them are in Texas. The editing is up to the standard of the most punctilious American scholarship; every person mentioned is identified in the notes, and every foreign phrase is translated; we are even told that *que voulez-vous?* means 'What do you wish?': which perhaps it does in a way.

Miss Dallas Kenmare with great courage has undertaken to commend Browning to our generation as a thinker and a moral guide. Her sincerity and enthusiasm are evident, but the connection with Browning is not always close. Indeed he often appears in these lectures merely as one among a cloud of witnesses—including Kierkegaard, Jung, Schweitzer, Berdyaev and Charles Williams—to a brave but not very distinct faith. Browning is used too much as a stick to beat the twentieth century with, and the specifically Christian element in his thought seems to be overestimated. Even if one is considering a poet in his prophetic role it is necessary at some point to consider his work simply as poetry.

Modern English Painters: from Sickert to Smith. By John Rothenstein.

Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.

This is the first volume of what will be a history of modern English painting, a history which, as its author points out, is needed if the public is to be supplied with much biographical material which it at present lacks. Here then are hitherto unpublished facts concerning the lives of artists such as Ethel Walker, Gwen John and Spencer Gore, painters who had not, as yet, been studied at any length, together with material concerning better publicised masters, the whole arranged in a compendious and readable form and illustrated with excellent photographs. One could wish that it had been found possible to add more of these admirable photographs for, in the nature of things, a picture is more reliable than the best of verbal descriptions and in this case visual evidence is particularly necessary in that it might serve to explain and exemplify the very personal and very challenging views that are expressed. How provocative Sir John Rothenstein can be, may be judged from the fact that he can compare McEvoy's 'Portrait in Black and Green'—not unfavourably—with the work of Gainsborough, while writing, with a most decided air of authority, of Sickert's 'innate weakness as a draughtsman and summariness as a designer'. These statements of opinion are balanced by others of a less startling character; but they do

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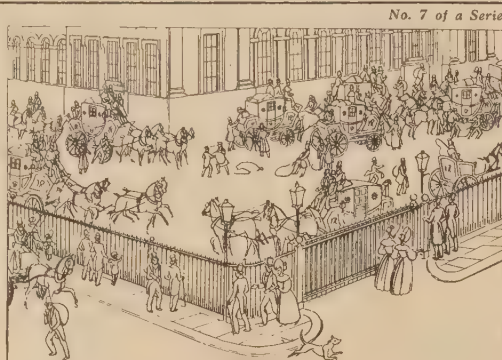
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call for illustration. We are shown McEvoy's slight and meretricious water colour, but the 'Camden Town Murder', with its 'confusion of clumsy planes which . . . would do no credit to a student', cannot be shown and must be reconsidered in the mind's eye.

Art criticism does not occupy the whole, nor barely the greater half of this book. The author believes that we may understand a work of art more fully if we know as much as possible about the workman who made it. Since he himself was, or is, personally acquainted with most of the great men and women whom he describes and, mindful of the interests of posterity, has been most assiduous in making the most of their company, he is able to give us the benefit of his observations, to take us into his confidence and introduce us. The character, the appearance, the surroundings, the virtues and the foibles of these distinguished artists are made known to us. The task is most adroitly accomplished with a tact and intelligence much superior to that of the gossip mongers of the press. Posterity should be very grateful indeed.

The present age may, however, be excused for entertaining a rather cooler feeling when confronted by these anecdotes and character sketches. A very nice equilibrium is required if this intimate method of examining the living and the newly dead is to be used to advantage. The writer himself—together with his attitudes and prejudices—is of necessity involved in eyewitness descriptions; inevitably his character and tone of thought become involved in his descriptions. But, unless he is writing autobiography, he himself should appear only by implication; his eyesight should not be allowed to distort our vision nor should his presence distract us from that which he is attempting to describe; thus biographical material is frequently more accurate when it is presented by a rather neutral and self-effacing observer.

But Sir John's is a dynamic, a forceful and an extremely strong personality; he is anything but neutral and, when he interviews the great, he is so busy arranging the scene for our benefit that he forgets to stand back and let us look for ourselves. In some of these studies the presence of the author is, indeed, quite overpowering. We see him interviewing, observing, criticising, looking at pictures, buying them for the Tate, conferring with trustees, editing books, carrying on bravely under a shower of bombs, omnipresent, indefatigable and inevitable. He is himself an eel—or at least no minnow—amongst tritons, and we, no less than posterity, may well be grateful for the lively portrait which Sir John—without intending any such thing—has painted of the talented Director of the Tate Gallery. But there are a good many occasions when the reader in search of the lives of the painters may feel that, somehow, he has caught the wrong fish.

The English Village. By Victor Bonham-Carter. Penguin. 3s.

A book on a prison by a prisoner and a book by the governor would be different things. Possibly in dealing with the English village Mr. Bonham-Carter is more the governor—or the warden—than the inmate; after finishing the book, one has to ask whether, for all his sympathies, the author reaches the mixed inwardness of living in a village, or a country parish. Few things have been unconsidered, few authorities—perhaps authorities are the trouble—have been unread. The village comes in the second part, after a long survey from the Neolithic scratchers of Salisbury Plain, via the manor and the enclosures and the ups and downs of farming, to our own day. The village—often for village one must read parish—is then considered in its elements from stone, cob, thatch, concrete

and council house to the parson too often hiding in his vicarage or the farmer's wife drinking tea with the Women's Institute or the farmer stumbling through the minutes of the Parish Council. Last of all an enquiry, in which things both right and unreal are advanced, into the viability of village or parish, and the possibilities contained in those favourite words, revival and regeneration.

Whether those who live in cottages by nature or necessity wish to be revived or regenerated quite so much as writers (who farm or live in converted cottages) are always arguing, or in quite the ways they suggest, may at least be doubted. Mr. Bonham-Carter is often so sensible that it may not be quite fair to quote two examples of 'the manner in which village institutions might be invigorated'. But here they are. The Parish Council 'can become the repository of local history. The Clerk could keep a diary of events, both those which occur within the village and the manner in which outside affairs . . . affect village life. This might develop into the publication of an occasional magazine. . . . It would engender much enthusiasm, and it might possibly sow the seeds of a local culture'. A few pages before, the author declared that the country is not a museum; and wrote too placidly and timidly about the need of light industry around the parishes and—two pages only for the *gens et origo*—about the future of farming, a cautious hinting of the need for intelligence and simplified marketing, and that farm boundaries often need re-drawing, that farmsteads need rebuilding, and that it would be wrong to regard smallholdings 'as an important element in the future'.

A slight air of abstraction and Miss Mitford hangs over the book in spite of itself. Politics and social reform may be the art of the possible, but the best stimulus to them is often the strenuous tough advocacy of the impossible ideal, hacking at the root without too much sweetness and light. It is the root Mr. Bonham-Carter does not get to; and the peculiar character and mentality of the working farmer who has been born to farming and of the cottager elude him. This book is better in the suggestibility of the facts presented than in display of energetic thought or conviction.

Shakespeare and the Classics

By J. A. K. Thomson.
Allen and Unwin. 10s.

This is the fullest and most interesting of Professor Thomson's series of books dealing with classical influences on English literature. A survey of the external evidence (Chapman, Greene, Jonson, Beaumont) strongly suggests that Shakespeare read Latin with difficulty, and Greek not at all. In assessing the internal evidence Professor Thomson counsels caution. Since contemporary literature and art abound in allusions to classical mythology and history, one must look for passages which both in thought and wording show clearly that Shakespeare had in mind classical originals, not merely translations from classical authors. Such passages are few and far between. All that emerges is that Shakespeare was acquainted with Lily's Latin grammar (and throughout his life retained unhappy memories of his school days), and that he had some first-hand knowledge of Erasmus' Colloquies, of Ovid (especially the *Metamorphoses*), and of Seneca.

The final sections of the book, which deal with indirect classical influence, are the most valuable. There is a particularly instructive analysis of the way in which Greek tragedy helped to mould the form of ancient biography, and it is suggested that in 'Julius Caesar' Shakespeare developed a new sense of dramatic unity, and a new power in delineating character. Without be-

littling Senecan influence, Professor Thomson believes that Shakespeare may have learned no less about the form of Greek tragedy and more about its temper from North's Plutarch than from Seneca. The suggestion is worth further and more detailed investigation.

Into Hades. By Andrew Young.

Hart-Davis. 5s.

Visions of Time. By Hal Summers.

The Hand and Flower Press. 1s.

The Sailing Race and Other Poems

By Patric Dickinson.

Chatto and Windus. 6s.

The unpromising theme of Mr. Young's poem is the experiences of a man's spirit immediately after the death of his body. Certainly this old machinery is something with which Mr. Young's talent has to tinker throughout the poem, but he succeeds in getting it to go, even in making it carry out many of the demands he puts on it. He does this less by the quality of his vision, unforced and genuine though it is, than by his accurate observation and the concrete circumstances of his *post mortem* voyager. It is his own death that Mr. Young imagines, the death of the Anglican vicar of a country parish whose spirit lingers for part of the poem round his own church. When the newspaper boy fails to observe him the poet reflects:

I had seen death at last;
he had ridden past me, not on his pale horse,
but on a cycle with the *Sunday Times*.

Mr. Young's blank verse is sober and various, his diction easy and unpretentious, and his powerful passages are all the more effective for being brought in without strain:

It was the picture
of a dead man, live ghost, who came and stood
outside a lighted window of his house,
face crushed against the glass, white as a
mushroom,
eyes burning like a moth's, and gazed within
on wife and children, who were so unconscious
a daughter rose and looked out on the darkness
and, seeing nothing, drew the blind.

It is not easy these days to write a good long poem and Mr. Young's large measure of success must be greeted with respect and deserves support and encouragement.

Mr. Summers and Mr. Dickinson are talented poets whose feelings are inclined to get the better of their verse. Mr. Summers seems to have gone down the wrong track since he published his first promising book in 1944; The present collection—his third—still shows traces of the healthy influence of the Metaphysicals and of the power to write a poem from a fresh and rewarding standpoint:

Here is the place, the other country, where
Action succeeds; even the attempted suicide
Throwing the revolver from him in disgust
Has done precisely what he ought to have done.
('Prologue to a Theatrical Season')

And all these poems have shape and direction. But the collection as a whole is spoiled by a manner grown rather high-flown and sentimental, a touch of the complacent and possessive attitude towards poetry of the poetry-circle:

But place at least upon our table tonight
A wild posy from the field, and read my poem
Full of love, empty of ornament; for the rest,
To live happily is a sufficient rite.

Mr. Dickinson's emotions are strong and sincere but he is surely one of the most embarrassing poets who ever tried to pin strong, sincere emotions down:

And when you bear and bring
Our child, her grandchild, home
In the early spring she loved,
All the thrushes will be singing
Bless her! Bless her!



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He simply has not the knack, the taste, to make the intimate details of his life proper pegs for his poems, and his more general pieces are thick and inchoate (and occasionally comic) with tremendous, hinted feelings:

My ghost echoes
Is dead, is dark, is agony unendurable.

Swear to tell them. Swear.
Love fades, Hauntings fade.
But War was poured in my ears, I am deaf.
I do not hear your cock.

Here and there are striking images and observations (the comparison of the backs of beasts in the mist with hulks of ships in 'Find

Out Moonshine', for example, and the vivid description in the first verse of 'A Nightscape'), and clearly he has read widely and cares a great deal about poetry. With all its faults, this book has more variety and certainty than his previous work; but his poetry is not likely to succeed until it had shed some of its ambition.

New Novels

A Buyer's Market. By Anthony Powell. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

The Struggles of Albert Woods. By William Cooper. Cape. 12s. 6d.

The Illustrated Man. By Ray Bradbury. Hart-Davis. 11s. 6d.

HISTORIANS will find an interesting contrast between the novels written about the nineteen-twenties after the first world war and those written after the second. At the time, despite differences of style and moral solutions, there was common agreement about the subject of the contemporary novel. It explored the splendours and miseries of self-consciousness, lamented the sexual and psychic impotence induced by over-development of the intellect, the practice of self-analysis and the cultivation of aestheticism and at the same time gloried in the 'awareness' and even in the isolation of those set apart by reason of their self-consciousness. Stephen Dedalus, Mr. Prufrock, Mrs. Dalloway and Gumbriel could conceivably have been present at the same party. They had a lot of differences in common.

Today those novelists who turn from the abysmal present to the past rather than the future are also discovering common qualities in the twenties. The modern obsession however is economic not psychological, not with the failure of boy when he meets girl, but the failure to make both ends meet. They are concerned with different forms of Power, rather than with 'Potency, with 'getting on' rather than with 'getting off'.

Both Mr. Powell and Mr. Cooper are agreed on the modern subject, however they differ in approach or style. Like its predecessor *A Question of Upbringing*, *A Buyer's Market* is difficult to judge, since both are intended to be parts of a *magnum opus* in four or five volumes. It is very different to write as Mr. Powell is doing a single work of art which will appear over a space of years, from writing, like Dr. C. P. Snow, a series of novels with the same narrator and different groups of characters. In Mr. Powell's scheme each volume at the time of its appearance must be far more fragmentary than Dr. Snow's, if on completion they are naturally to cohere.

My judgment, therefore, remains suspended. I can only report on how the shape of this work seems to be developing. Three years have passed since the end of *A Question of Upbringing*. Jenkins, the narrator, now is working in an art publisher's. This explains, what was slightly puzzling in the first volume, the use of painting methods in the description of characters. During those three years, very little has happened. Jenkins has not met his schoolfriends, Stringham, Templer, Widmerpool. But in this volume, he meets the first and the last in the course of a single evening, and since the constrictions of school and university have been relaxed, they appear in some ways quite startlingly different. Widmerpool, despite his preoccupation with getting on commits a folly in getting off with Gypsy Jones; he still remains a ludicrous figure to Jenkins, but to Sir Magnus Donners he can appear a useful employee and astonishingly he is not unattractive to women. Stringham deepens his unpredictability, is clearly somebody to be explained later.

What is now clear to me is that the unsatis-

factoriness of the first volume—the fact that nothing added up neatly—was part of the author's plan; the shape of the whole work is intended to be the development of Jenkins himself in terms of what he discovers about other people even more than of what he does himself. The narrator is writing always on two levels—the level of himself at the time the events took place and of himself at the time of writing. Consequently each paragraph and often each sentence is an attempt to reconcile the judgments of the same person at at least two different ages. Sometimes the effort is to combine three or more separate views of the same incident in the scope of a page. The crispness of *A Question of Upbringing* has for this reason become a sort of sogginess in *A Buyer's Market*—the writing has in parts the quality of a breakfast food which having been opened too long has lost the freshness it had when first shot through a gun. Mr. Deacon, the bad painter who becomes an antique dealer, Uncle Giles, whose spirit broods over this book though his body only makes a brief but telling appearance in the early hours of one morning in Shepherd's Market, and Barnby, the painter with power and a clinical sense of the relations of men and women, are rewarding in themselves; and the last two give promise of future development. My fear about this novel sequence is that the author will have to spend too much time contriving the entrances of his main characters in each successive volume to allow himself enough time to develop them on the stage.

Mr. William Cooper encompasses within his 250 pages the period of time which Mr. Powell will cover in a thousand pages. But he is concentrating the world in the mirror of Albert Woods, whereas Mr. Powell is dissipating the soul of his narrator in the reflections of the people he knows. Albert Woods is Arnold Bennett's Card projected into the world of Dr. C. P. Snow. The son of a trade unionist and a domestic servant in dual employ, Albert Woods is determined to rise in the world, but the only way he can rise is by his brilliance as a research scientist. The provincial skulduggery in which Bennett was so expert is transferred from commerce to science, universities and the higher civil service. That is true enough. If you want to have a real good swindle these days, the Government or even better the United Nations are the best angels. Gone is the day when you can rise to greatness by fleecing the public. They have already been fleeced by the Treasury. Only the Treasury itself remains to be shorn.

Mr. Cooper's immensely readable comedy posits at the outset that his hero is at the same time 'the little man' and a Napoleon. I have never met 'a little man' and if I had met Napoleon Bonaparte I suspect that I should have been too interested in him as a person to recognise that he was a Napoleon in the sense which Mr. Cooper employs the term for his comedy. Albert Woods is ruined by Mr. Cooper's showmanship. His adolescent love affair is

spoiled by a ponderous facetiousness, a Victorian address to a Victorian reader which is coyly embarrassing. On the other hand, the subordinate characters about whom he cares less passionately, especially Professor Dibdin, his wife and daughter are beautifully done. There could be no more discreet book than this. It is concerned with scientific research of a highly secret nature. But Mr. Cooper, whose theme is 'getting on' even when his hero is 'getting off', never gives away a vestige of an official secret.

Mr. Bradbury's *The Illustrated Man* seems to me something for which we can congratulate the Does' Committee for Investigating Un-American Activities. Mr. Bradbury's attitude is un-American not because he considers any culture on earth superior to the American, but because he has the gravest doubts about the courses pursued by his own people and others. He takes, as those who read his novel *The Silver Locusts* will know, the dream world of the future as presented in American strip cartoons, a world of rockets, interplanetary travel, Time Machines, television and helicopters, the folk-world of American daily dreams. Mr. Bradbury enters this world, a poet and moralist, and taking the stuff of cartoons fashions from it stories of astonishing beauty, wit and terror. The *Illustrated Man* is encountered on a road in Wisconsin and the stories are tattooed upon his skin. Before the author's eyes, they come alive, the fingers move, the little dramas are enacted.

To say that one had never come across anything like these stories would not be true. The first tale, 'The Veld', for example, is the story of a rich, hard-working American couple, who have given their children everything, except love. In the \$30,000 mansion is a wonder nursery, the walls of which can take colour from the children's thoughts. They have only to think of Alice in Wonderland or Snow White and there is Alice or the Seven Dwarfs. The trouble is that the children do not think Alice or Snow White. They think Africa and the nursery is filled with the noises of the jungle. When the parents go in, even in the children's absence, there seem altogether too many lions, too much roaring and screams of terror. The father decides the nursery must be closed. They will all go away for a vacation in the mountains, live the simple life. The children do not like the idea. Peter says 'I don't want to do anything but look and listen and smell'. But father insists. The next day the children lure their parents into the nursery and lock the door on them and then the lions advance...

The seed of this story comes out of the same packet as Saki's 'Sredni Vashtar' but is none the worse for that. In invading the dream world of the cartoon, Mr. Bradbury brings with him the equipment of the real human world. However fantastic the setting, his people behave and feel like real people; and their problems are those of the nineteen-fifties, atomic war, race persecution, poverty, disease.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Little Mot Juste

DOG DAYS? Not a bit of it; but Ladies' Week with a vengeance. As if we weren't all quite exhausted with talk and thought about the underwear of the Wimbledon champions, the play of the only day free of tennis had to be called 'Petticoat Influence', surely as happy an instance of the Little Mot juste as one could wish. There were masculine contributions, of course; including the much touted start of a new series by 'the casual comedian', one George Martin, to whom I wish better luck next time and send the encouraging thought that nowhere at any time is there not someone who will find almost anything (however casual) uproariously funny. The law for viewers, other than critics, is 'If you don't like it, don't watch it'; no reason for all of us to grow sour, after all.

But to return to what I suppose—with the threat of a week of Oo-la-la in Gay Paree—I shall have to school myself to think of as *les Girls*. There was that most Gallic of girls, the adorable Yvonne Arnaud, all *moues* and squeaks, wildly but not unfunnily miscast as 'Madame Pepita', a production by Stephen Harrison with a lot of pleasant points. There was that number one girl, Margaret Lockwood, with her chocolate box eyes and elder sister sportiness which makes you feel like crying out some such old-fashioned adjective as 'Spiffing!' or 'Stunning!' even. She was an excellently chosen Ann Veronica in many ways, and she kept her lead finely in a very strong cast (lovely performance by

Robert Eddison as the endearing ass of an aspirant, and some good busy work from Henry Hewitt and Christine Silver among others). A pity the outdoor scenes failed to get above the church fete level of stage-management, but most of the interiors were presentable and generally the eye was sufficiently convinced. But of course the method of narration—Ann Veronica in labour thinking in flashbacks—made the occasional note of 'period' comicality seem quite unsuitable. In this matter, I thought the 'Love and Mr. Lewisham' of some weeks ago was vastly superior, seeming to speak with Wells' own voice and not with the knowing wink of a master of ceremonies at a Players' Theatre burlesque. To our emancipated minds and knowing eyes, Edwardiana seem very absurd (I daresay) but the point is that to Edwardians life did not seem any more ludicrous than life seems to us today



Yvonne Arnaud in 'Madame Pepita', with Alan Webb as Don Guillermo



Scene from 'Pineapple Poll': David Blair as Captain Belaye and Elaine Fifield in the title-role

quently because it has an all female cast and because, for some reason, there are more amateur actresses than amateur actors. A good job was made of what is mostly reach-me-down material. But it is subtly dated, all the same; what about a new television play bringing us up to today's date, when everyone, including the charwoman, having been emancipated, we are all back at the sink?

One keeps reading letters from horny-handed business men who protest that television has made them converts to the ballet. But we don't hear about the people who are put off it. What about 'Pineapple Poll' last week? In the flesh, up at the Wells, this ballet is a stunner, with its delicious Osbert Lancaster settings, its merry if not exactly inspired choreography by John Cranko,

(perhaps rather less so).

Just where emancipation led, among other things, we were allowed to see in 'Nine till Six', that famous dress-shop piece which scored so long an innings in the days when the upper classes and middle classes, having almost emancipated themselves out of existence, loosed their daughters to make contact with the garment trade, when many a highborn miss learnt of the world behind the counter (something Kipps had not quite imagined happening). Marie Ney presided, and it was quite a good performance of a play which we all see fre-

and a bouncing score which whips up the cream of Sullivan's now derated music. What certainly came through on television was the music; and no ballet, however much this may annoy balletomanes, has any chance of enduring unless the musical element is durable, as in this case it most certainly is. It was well played, Charles Mackerras conducting it with as much spirit as he had put into its arrangement. But the other elements suffered badly: without the colour, Osbert Lancaster's contribution lost much more than half its point. Lastly the dancing—this was not quite successfully exhibited. Mr. Bate aimed at a compromise between what one might see while watching the thing (through dark glasses) in a seat in the circle, and more intimate and selective views. But somehow one does not watch like that: somehow contact was not made; or was it—usual question—merely because I had had the misfortune (or luck, if you prefer) to see the original thing first?

'Kitchen Carnival' (a meatless kitchen henceforth, presumably) was a pleasant little ballet arranged by Margaret Dale, about knives and forks and a cruet, with male ingredients.



'Ann Veronica', with Henry Hewitt as Mr. Stanley, Margaret Lockwood as Ann Veronica, and Christine Silver as Miss Stanley

Otherwise the influence was again feminine, if not exactly petticoat. Who was the music by? It sounded like that nondescript whirring noise which accompanies impartially films about Ascot fashions or floods in Australia.

For the hottest night of all, we had the mild, cool, and not much wilted comedy of feminine intrigue by Neil Grant. 'Petticoat Influence' belongs to a vanished world of Mayfair smartness, butlers, and parlourmaids called 'Daincourt'. Helen Christie, with John Witty, David Horne, Edward Forsyth, and others, kept at it as if they believed in it.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

BROADCAST DRAMA

Under the Weather

I SAID LAST WEEK that I looked forward to calling on 'Arthur's Inn' (Light). The chance came on a very hot evening. Maybe I was under the weather; maybe the programme was. But, when the half-hour ended, I had to admit that I had not taken mine ease in mine inn; rather, I was waiting anxiously for Arthur Askey and his confederates to open the door so that the programme could close. Variety serials lately—the Goons and the Bradens, for example—have been a tangle of crazy invention. 'Arthur's Inn', from this specimen, appears to be returning to an older and a milder day, to the childlike and bland fooling of a famous programme from the primeval years, but without the apparent spontaneity that was 'Band Waggon's' charm.

'Arthur's Inn' is the most elementary of anecdotes. There is a chicken called Tallulah. We heard Mr. Askey say that he was famous for his 'inferior decorating'. He sang one of his turn-ti-tum ballads. And at the heart of the occasion was the kind of wallpapering splosh-and-splash we take naturally in a Christmas pantomime. It was not altogether riotous on a hot June night. Doubtless one of the few things less funny than the sight of a man tumbling over a bucket of paste on the stage, is the sound of a man tumbling over a bucket of paste on the radio. Or, for that matter, falling off a ladder. Brian Reece and Sally Ann Howes hovered about; but the best thing in the night was Diana Decker's wide-voiced innocence. 'Arthur's Inn' needs urgent running repairs.

On the other side, 'The Goon Show' (Home) was just the thing for a heat-wave. Its union of zanies began, I believe, to drill for oil in the desert sands of Arabia; but, while I was still inquiring into this, Michael Bentine appeared at Wimbledon, and a few minutes later, in what was described as a Senior T.T. commentary, an aged, aged man was explaining that he had never touched a drop in his life. Now what is so funny in that? The trouble with the Goons is that you cannot fix them on the page. They have never been pinned to anything. They are air-borne fantasies; they appreciate the value of fizzing speed: they enjoy the demented joke that must be twanged off sharply; and they know how to use sound effects: a department of broadcast variety still too neglected. While the programme was on, I was conscious, from time to time, of what somebody in 'The Tempest' calls 'a hollow burst of bellowing'. Suddenly I realised that it was my own laughter.

This sounded less noisily during 'Penelope' (Home). Here we collected one of the earlier and slighter Maughams, a polite comedy (also good for hot weather) that should be heard from a deck-chair at full stretch. Penelope, like the Mrs. Dots and the Carolines, is among the charmingly tiresome women, bubble-and-squeak parts, that have been at the centre of so many drawing-room intrigues of verbal manoeuvring. This exhibit was presented rightly by Nan

Munro, as a tweeting sweetening; and others to feather along the play in style were that acute comedienne, Barbara Couper (who has the nice olde-worlde line, 'You don't happen to have a couple of sovereigns on you?') as the Other Woman; Max Adrian, with his voice like a globule of mercury; and D. A. Clarke-Smith in full bounce as 'the most popular diner-out of his time'.

That is not a term to use for Richard III, a King who has been under the weather for so many years that all except historians, who are at the core of things, raise a polite eyebrow at any attempt to aid him. The late 'Josephine Tey' had the pleasant idea of allowing her fictional detective, Inspector Grant, to study the evidence for and against Richard's villainy, and to acquit him, unstained. We heard Grant doing this in the programme called 'The Princes in the Tower' (Home). The interest of the theme survived a dawdling presentation. While the bed-bound Inspector (John Slater) was sifting his evidence, one longed to hear the same facts as a straight talk 'When you look at it for a little while, it's really quite a nice face', said the nurse at the end. We must look at it again. Odd words, these, for Shakespeare's 'lump of foul deformity', bottled spider, and rooting hog.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Desmond MacCarthy

FOR ME THE BROADCAST of the week was the tribute by five speakers to Sir Desmond MacCarthy which has already appeared in THE LISTENER, and it was especially delightful that the first two, who recalled him as an old friend, should be Sir Max Beerbohm and E. M. Forster, who are both admirable writers and broadcasters and, besides, have as broadcasters something of Desmond MacCarthy's quality of quiet intimacy, something which, as Sir Max so well defined it, 'was essentially chamber music. One rather wondered', he added, 'that anything so gentle could be carrying so far and wide. I always felt that Desmond was in the room with me, with me and one or two other listeners only'.

What was particularly striking about the programme was that out of the five tributes one and the same man clearly emerged, even though V. S. Pritchett, Philip Hope-Wallace, and C. V. Wedgwood were speaking of him for the most part in his special roles of literary critic, dramatic critic, and President of the English Centre of the International P.E.N. The reason for this is that Desmond MacCarthy was always himself, entirely without affectation, pose, or what the psychologists call *persona*—a mask which can be assumed as occasion demands. It is seldom one meets a man of such singleness of purpose, such integrity and benevolence. He was the only editor in my experience who treated his younger reviewers as pupils and, with an exquisite tact which suggested nothing of the schoolmaster, coached them in the art of writing. Years and years ago when I had sent a story to *The New Statesman*, he returned my typescript with a note. I wish I could quote it exactly, but it was to the effect that he had amused himself yesterday evening with pencilling in some alterations. If I thought them improvements, perhaps I might care to adopt them: if not, I had only to rub them out and he would print the story as it was.

The rest of my listening—a personally conducted tour of York, a phrenological demonstration, two more talks on Samuel Butler, and a couple of short stories—was so excessively varied as to have no common denominator. Perhaps it was partly because I myself visited York eight months ago that the vicarious visit I shared with other listeners seemed one of the more ponderous

excursions of its kind. The writing resembled one of those 'trifles' served as the sweet course at second-rate hotels, over-solid here, over-decorated there, and the production was content to repeat the old tricks of the trade.

On the other hand 'Is There Anything in It?'—a demonstration of bump-reading by a phrenologist before the staff and students of the Medical School of St. Thomas's Hospital—was a highly entertaining affair conducted with exemplary good manners by the staff and students. The phrenologist was confronted with a distinguished visitor disguised in a surgeon's mask who proved to be none other than Freddie Mills, ex-light-heavyweight champion. No views were expressed on the result: we were left to draw our own conclusions. Is there anything in it? On the evidence provided, my answer is: 'Yes, but not enough!'

Philip Toynbee, viewing Butler at the longer range of the younger generation of writers, was not only very interesting but much more respectful than I had anticipated, and the same is true of the final talk on Butler by Professor J. W. Davidson of the Australian National University, Canberra, who described Butler's brief but successful career as sheep farmer in New Zealand.

In the Third Programme we had a reading of Leskov's sly story 'A Little Mistake' in David Magarshack's translation. It is a story which must be read with the tongue in the cheek, which difficult feat Carleton Hobbs performed to perfection. Gerald Bullett, too, was admirable in his own 'Music Hath Charms', a Light Programme story of high frivolity with a twist in its tail.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

'La Cenerentola'

THE RELAY OF Rossini's 'La Cenerentola' from Glyndebourne powerfully revived memories of the opera as seen there some days before. While I was enjoying this broadcast I could not help wondering what the effect would be on another listener, less fortunate than I, who had previously watched the stage presentation. I imagined two kinds of interested listeners that evening, leaving out of account the crass admirers of every note Rossini ever wrote. There would be those who had seen the opera and those, the vast majority, who, never having seen it, would have to rely on the messages received only by ear. They will have missed the point of Marina de Gabarain's sad, tremulous tones in the first scene, the diffident tremulousness of the eager, lonely girl, so well portrayed and so effective when the eye could take in what now only the ear received. All that dramatic value was lost and the opening scenes, as far as Cinderella's part in them was concerned, were so subfusc and dim as to forfeit even willing attention. On the face of it 'La Cenerentola' should have relayed well. Or so I thought; but I was wrong. As far as the air brought it to one, it turned out to be an entertainment for *cognoscenti* alone. The rest must have longed for a whisper, even a commentator's, to tell them what beyond singing was going on. That the singing was excellent there was no possibility of doubt. This was a first-rate performance and as such worth every moment given to listening intently.

Maurice Durufle's Requiem is outstanding among French liturgical music of this century. Admittedly the field is not occupied by an overpowering number of distinguished works of this particular nature. With the exception of some deft compositions by French organists which in intention may be designed for the service of the Church but in effect are display pieces, there has been little since Fauré's Requiem that can be said to aid the worshipper in his spiritual

journey. Duruflé's Requiem appears, at least to a foreigner, as an expression of religious feeling that one had almost completely ceased to expect from a contemporary French musician. To mention Fauré's Requiem in the same breath is perhaps inevitable but none the less misleading. The two works are far different in character, alike as they may be for a fleeting moment in musical quality. Duruflé gives the impression of envisaging a work that would serve as accompaniment to some great, indeed superb, ritual. Fauré's Requiem, on the other hand, could only accompany the intimate thoughts of a single, simple worshipper.

Both works are the product of the organ loft,

M. Duruflé like Fauré half a century earlier being one of the foremost Parisian organists. Yet there again a chance similarity is misleading. Duruflé, possessed of considerable orchestral sensitivity, uses the organ less than Fauré and more artistically, more like an orchestral instrument. This twentieth-century Requiem is much more orchestral in character than Fauré's, where the organ plays an almost continuous part. Yet the earlier work has about it infinitely less of the atmosphere and mentality of the organ loft. Fauré, manipulating by preference the subtleties of chamber music and song, created music more intimate and contemplative, a more individual Requiem, a work apart. Nevertheless, the mere

fact that one can think of these two works together gives some idea of the stature of Duruflé's Requiem. It is indeed admirable, refined music.

At the end of last week Berlioz' 'Les Troyens à Carthage' came as a lightning flash of intense vision. One realised at once the greatness of his art and the folly of his insensate admirers today in claiming for him not merely the vast amount of genius he possessed but more. Unlike the Rossini opera this made effective broadcasting. These long expanses of music needed no commentary nor any memory of a stage. One was content to listen.

SCOTT GODDARD

Beethoven's Songs

By SCOTT GODDARD

The first of four recitals of Beethoven's vocal music will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 9.5 p.m. on Wednesday, July 9

IT is not primarily as a song writer that one thinks of Beethoven. Song writing is of its essence miniaturistic; within narrow bounds its roots can go deep, its branches high; but confined it must be, so that it may not sprawl. It is that distinguishing feature, conciseness as against expansiveness, which is generally conceded to be the hallmark of true song, that which separates song from the ballad. The dividing line may not always be easy to define when the ballad is short. When it becomes a descriptive ballad, it has left the province of song proper and entered that of the dramatic scene. It is no longer a concise miniature. Beethoven sensed this and knew well what he was about when he added a vocal cadenza to his arrangement of 'The Minstrel Boy' which appears among his Irish songs as 'The Soldier' with words by W. Smyth.

Beethoven's span of thought, imagination, and feeling was so large that it is impossible to equate it with the work of a miniaturist. He could produce an occasional miniature; there are the gnomic Bagatelles which at their purest, most individual, and when they are nearest to Beethoven's personal trend of thought and idiom of expression, have the terse character of minute hieroglyphics, each enclosed within its cartouche. Yet such things are exceptions to a wider, more general rule which is one of extension in space that is so manipulated as to become commensurate with depth and height of emotional feeling. Beethoven was if nothing else an adept in the development of musical ideas and conceptions. That is a matter outside the delicate and restricted art of the miniaturist.

But though the writing of songs may have been an exception with Beethoven, these activities were none the less significant. They gave rise to important developments in his career and also they have among them certain masterpieces. These masterpieces are few in comparison with those in other spheres more congenial to his nature. They are encountered more rarely; for among the thousands who hear the symphonies there are few who hear the songs, so much less often performed. It is permissible to suggest that we sacrifice little in a general, over-all knowledge of Beethoven's work if we happen to ignore the songs. What we do miss by allowing ourselves that freedom, apart from a handful of unforgettable masterpieces, is the opportunity to watch a towering genius exerting his powers in unusual ways; writing, for instance, to order and producing work that at times shows the impact of destructive haste (in some of the settings, though not by any means all, of Irish

and Scottish melodies), sometimes a completeness beyond the instinctive functioning of an able artist's hand, something that seems in the 'Elegischer Gesang' for vocal quartet and string quartet to have instantly (if one can use that word knowing Beethoven's painful processes) produced a work of the fairest proportions, instinct with affection and grace.

Song writing occupied him intermittently throughout all his career. These intermittences seem to have been governed largely by chance, more so than other forms of creative activity. Among these chances were, however, the intermittences of his own emotional experience. The youthful 'Adelaide' is connected with such an episode, an affair, important for him, with a singer who turned down his offer of marriage because she considered him ill-favoured and half-crazy. It is the one song above all others, unless we except 'Die Ehre Gottes', that now has wide currency. More significant is the date (1816) of the great song-cycle 'An die ferne Geliebte'. This was the first of its type and so one of Beethoven's signal contributions to the art, a miraculous work to come from a man not naturally inclined to song writing. It belongs to the year in which Beethoven's unfortunate nephew was first occupying his mind. The distance separating Beethoven from happiness had become once again as great as it was fourteen years back when he wrote his will in Heiligenstadt. His emotions were once again profoundly stirred to active participation in the life of a human being. The 'inner pain' he sings of in the second of these linked songs seems now as though it were his own bitter desire to share inner spiritual experience with another. The song-cycle at that moment comes as near to explicit autobiography as anything in Beethoven's music. It is this near connection with emotional experiences in Beethoven's life that gives these songs their special significance. They become the expression of a human being as bewildered as another: only more interested than most in discovering the causes of man's dissatisfaction and far more able than his fellows to express that bewilderment and interest. With that human quality in the songs there is their musical significance.

This primarily musical quality can be found at a state of high tension in a number of instances. One is the short and extraordinarily eloquent 'Wonne der Wehmuth'; another the compact and again most eloquent 'Ich liebe Dich'. Both look forward to Schubert who, wittingly or not, let his mind go free in ways created here by Beethoven. In each the effect is

secured by the simplest imaginable means; in 'Wonne der Wehmuth' by a descending scale that suggests the falling of tears, in the other by the flowing semiquaver figure in the accompaniment which exemplifies supposedly the unvarying course of true love. And each song is a perfect example of that art so rarely practised by Beethoven of the miniaturist. Such instant apprehension of inherent quality in a simple situation, which could at the same time be profound but must never be extensively delineated, is the essence of the song-writer's art and Beethoven rarely attained it, indeed relatively seldom attempted it.

When the architecture of the song had already been designed by some other craftsman, he added his own counterpoint of emotion as accompaniment to the melody ready to his hand and did the trick with more ease (and more conventionality) than appears in his own songs. The evidence is in the Irish, Scottish, Welsh, and English tunes he set at the instigation of Thomson of Edinburgh. These have been set severely on one side as hack-work by biographers and cold-shouldered by musicologists. They are disdained by folklorists and are the despair of the faithful. They are unequal. Not all the settings show an easy relationship between melody and setting. Some are weak, many conventional. But a number are quite otherwise. In the first version of 'O harp of Erin' the instruments (pianoforte trio) leave the tune unharmed, supporting it simply while the ritornelli are unexceptionable until the last seven bars where a harmonic tag appears, one badly debased by later writers and now hideous. In the second version of the same song the tag never appears and the accompaniment, freer and a hint more ornate, is musically more satisfactory. Given its period it is an admirable arrangement and a charming song at any time.

But we expect more than charm from Beethoven. Rightly or wrongly, posterity has decided that he is the musician who can interpret more splendidly than any other the serious, the profound, the terrific, and the superb in man's dealings with nature and God. And so charm is ruled out and we miss the gigantic figure of Beethoven when listening to the settings of folk-songs, national songs, popular songs he did for Thomson. If that be our mood it were better not to listen. For us, then, the stern dignity of 'Vom Tode'. Yet those are most fortunate who can savour both aspects of Beethoven's art. And that is especially necessary when assessing his position as a song writer, he who said 'But I do not like composing songs'.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

LOOSE COVERS

WHEN IT COMES to buying material for loose covers, to get maximum wear for reasonable cost, the reps are very good. Also you have now all the cotton velvets, utility velvets and cotton damasks, which are very well made and tightly woven, and which you can see will last a long time. But I particularly like reps, because they are so well made and you have the ones, which are called jasse, which have tiny stripes in them which add to the firmness and appearance; you can usually get those at very reasonable prices like seven, eight, or ten shillings a yard, and fifty inches wide, which is a very good width. Also, the colour range is good. Of course the reps themselves you can get between six shillings and twelve shillings.

If you want your loose covers to last a long time, get a material which has a very small all-over design, because it helps the appearance; and when you have them cleaned, they come back looking like new. If you have plain materials and you have them cleaned very often, they come back looking rather tired. The small all-over design really is much better, because you need not consider the quantity. If you have a large design you must take it into account when measuring, because the pattern should sit on the back of the chair, the back of the seat, or on the cushion, if you have one, otherwise you can waste yards that way. All those materials which look like tweeds are particularly unsuitable. They may be perfectly all right for coats and skirts, but do not have them for loose covers; they are much too loosely woven, as you can find out, if you hold them up against the light.

With regard to calculating the quantity of material, if you have no experience of cutting

loose covers, much the best thing is to ask the salesman to send someone round; and if you take the height of the chair, and the width and the depth of the seat, he can work it out for you, especially if you tell him whether it has arms or not. But usually, a large easy chair takes six or eight yards, a small one four or five, and a sofa twelve or fourteen, but I should not go by that too closely, because if you buy too much it is wasted, and if you buy too little your loose cover is wrecked. Also if you make your cover exactly right, when it has been dry-cleaned, it will shrink at the bottom. So have a very deep hem of several inches, which you tuck in when you make it. When it comes back from the cleaners and it has shrunk, you can undo it as you need it. But do not make your covers too large to begin with, because they will only look untidy, and will crease terribly and wrinkle. In the actual quantity for an easy chair you should allow about a quarter of a yard for shrinkage: for a sofa obviously more.

HERMAN SCHRIJVER

GOOSEBERRY FOOL

Do not be put off if your family does not like sago; I guarantee they will like this recipe.

2 oz. of sago
1 lb. of gooseberries
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. of water
3 oz. of sugar

Cover the sago with cold water and allow it to soak for an hour. Put the gooseberries in a pan with the half pint of water, bring them to the boil and cook for 2 to 3 minutes. Add the drained sago, bring to the boil again and simmer about 8 minutes, until the sago is clear, stirring

in the sugar to sweeten. Serve hot, or better still, chill and decorate with fresh strawberries.

LOUISE DAVIES

Notes on Contributors

RICHARD HARKNESS (page 3): journalist and commentator for N.B.C., Washington

TERENCE ARMSTRONG (page 5): Research Fellow at the Scott-Polar Research Institute, Cambridge; author of the forthcoming *The Northern Sea Route: Soviet Exploitation of the North East Passage*

CYRIL OSBORNE (page 7): M.P. (Conservative) for Louth since 1945; chairman of several textile and grocery companies

E. H. CARR, C.B.E. (page 11): Wilson Professor of International Politics, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, 1936-47; author of *The Bolshevik Revolution—1917-1923* (in progress), *German-Soviet Relations Between the Two World Wars—1919-1939*, etc.

SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE (page 17): President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, 1933-50; Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, 1944-47, and of the Queen's University, Belfast, 1924-33; author of *Education and the Spirit of the Age*, *Education for a World Adrift*, *The Future in Education*, etc.

R. F. KAHN, C.B.E. (page 18): Professor of Economics and Politics, Cambridge University

J. W. DAVIDSON (page 28): Professor of Pacific History, Australian National University, Canberra; Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; New Zealand born and has held various government appointments there; recently revisited that country for the B.B.C.

Crossword No. 1,157.

Discard Square—II.

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Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, July 10

All but sixteen of the lights are normal. Omit one or two consecutive letters from each of these sixteen (before insertion in the square) or still leave a proper word, e.g., PILATE becomes PLATE or PILE or PATE. The longer

word is clued in each case and the omitted letters do not include the first and the last. The number after each clue represents the number of letters in the light before omission of the discarded letter(s). Arrange the twenty-five discarded letters in the form of a word square to be inserted at A, B. A to B is also a word. In entering the lights ignore an accent.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. White wine of the Gironde (8).
6. Bible (8).
13. Business — (Archias of Thebes) (8).
15. Marry (after separation?) (6).
16. A musical instrument likewise Lulu (7).
19. Classic Ascot exhibits this boat (5).
20. Modified leaf—modified package (6).
- 22-33U. Rest in route (anag.) (11).
23. Cape hyrax (7).
25. Duke of Illyria is a mixed prayer (6).
26. An adornment uniting the edges' credit (8).
30. He shot down the 'Wendy Bird' (7).
- 32B. Jewish offering uplifted by the priest (5).
- 34B-24D. Grating fruits (5).
- 35B. Cormorant (5).
37. Think about this mixed breed (6).
- 38-43D. The tarweeds (5).
39. He sat on Hlidskjalf (4).
40. See 24D.
42. See 2.
44. Is not as an Indian antelope when reversed (5).
45. Look in the open wound—and find a shoe (6).
46. Depress a clown (6).
48. It's clear there's an army in the midst (4).
51. See 47.
- 52B. A hurt ending in a resounding din (6).
53. Repeat glibly and conclude with a belief (6).
- 54B. Unsellable article (4).

DOWN

1. A template ending in a pile of stones (8).
- 2D-42. The medicine to 'key up' (5).
3. See 28.
4. This poultry disease is a Scottish auction (4).

5. See 48.
6. The blue sot fungus (7).
7. We turn about about about a vase (4).
8. Attended (8).
9. Embraces 150 snakes (6).
10. O it is hid like tissue! (8).
11. Oddfellows? (10).
- 12U. It sounds as if the deers got up (4).
14. Walk about Jacob! (6).
17. Biblical marginal reading (3).
18. This glance is galene (4).
21. Brisk (5).
- 24U-10. Convulsive (7).
25. Gumbo (4).
27. Musical melange (of a row of trees and an ape) (8).
- 28-3U. Byzantine Administrative division (5).
29. Reheard this play and it is partly clay (5).
31. Worshipped in the Land of the Musical Banks (8).
36. Desire (7).
37. Unite more girls for syrup (8).
41. Greet (6).
- 47-51. Whosoever — her — the wind (6).
- 49-5U. Greet over (5).
- 50U. Cut open a handful of unthreshed grain (3).

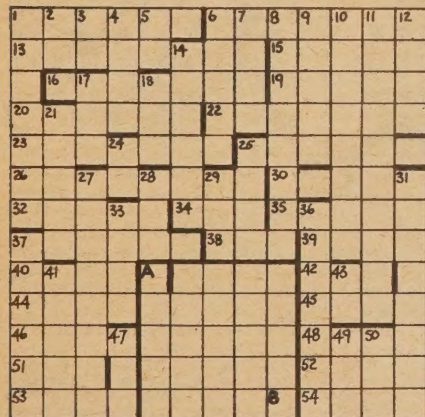
Solution of No. 1,155

Prizewinners: 1st prize: J. B. Sykes (Birchington); 2nd prize: Miss K. M. Stocks (Sidcup); 3rd prize: S. Saft (Salford).

NOTES: The 'five names' in the preamble, and so should not have been counted as un-clued, for which Log apologises.

Across: 16. d of Loki (anag. of kilo). 17. * = Scales and Libra. 18. 'Hy. IV' Pt. II, 2. iv. 20. * = Bull. 24. 'Paradise Lost', x, 525; * = Scorpion. 30. Aug(ust) is mostly in Leo (*). 41. * = Water-Bearer (Jack).

Down: 2. Antigonous, 'Winter's T.'. 3. 'Sir P. Spens'. 7. * = Goat. 9. * = Archer. 11. Mermaid Tavern. ** = Virgo and Fishes. 21. Genial = chummy; and anag. of ale-gin. 28. Ch(AR)on: * = Crab. 36. * = Twins. 44-38. * = Ram.



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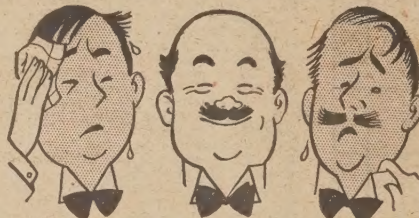
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